

# DRAMATIC READER

## BOOK IV

SELECTED BY<sup>c</sup>

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AND

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# WOODSTOCK

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING CHARLES.

SIR HENRY LEE, *a Cavalier*.

ALBERT LEE, *his son*.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

DESBOROUGH

BLETSON

HARRISON

ROGER WILDRAKE, *a dissipated Cavalier*.

MARKHAM EVERARD, *a Roundhead, nephew to Sir Henry*.

CAPTAIN PEARSON, *a Roundhead*.

JOCELINE JOLIFFE, *Servant to Sir Henry*.

TOMKINS, *Secretary to Desborough*.

DR. ROCHECLIFFE, *Royalist clergyman*.

HOLDENOUGH, *Roundhead clergyman*.

LOUIS KERNEGUY, *mysterious page to Albert Lee*.

ALICE LEE.

PHOEBE.

Servants, Soldiers, &c.

## ACT I. SCENE I

*The portal of Woodstock. A battlemented gateway of Gothic appearance, which defends the entrance to a long wide avenue beyond. An immense gate of hammered iron, now decayed and almost wrenched from position by violence, partly closes the opening. On either side can be seen towers rising above the tops of noble trees. On the left is a rustic seat under the shade of a tree. Enter TOMKINS, who gazes up at the gateway, hesitates to knock, and, hearing footsteps, hides behind the tree within reach of the seat. Enter SIR HENRY LEE, an elderly man with a white beard, his face lined and his back bent as with sorrow rather than years, and ALICE LEE, her face showing signs of tears as she supports her father. They make their way to the seat, and sit down.*

LEE. It is not to be endured ! It would stir up a paralytic

wretch to start up a soldier. My people have been thinned, I grant you, or have fallen off from me. But we have still about us some rugged foresters of the old Woodstock breed—old as myself most of them—what of that? I will hold the old house, and it will not be the first time that I have held it against ten times the strength that we hear of now.

ALICE. Alas! my dear father!

LEE. And why alas? Is it because I shut my door against a score or two of these bloodthirsty hypocrites?

ALICE. But their masters can as easily send a regiment or an army, if they will, and what good would your present defence do except to exasperate them to your utter destruction?

LEE. Be it so, Alice. I have lived my time and beyond it. I have outlived the kindest and most princelike of masters. What do I on the earth since the dismal thirtieth of January?

ALICE. Do not speak thus, sir! It does not become your gravity and your worth to throw away that life which may yet be of service to your king and your country. Beware of that impatience which makes bad worse.

LEE. (*Who has heard only the last word.*) Worse? What could be worse? Will not these people expel us from the only shelter we have left; dilapidate what remains of royal property under my charge; and then wipe their mouths and thank God, as if they had done an almsdeed?

ALICE. Still, there is hope behind, and I trust the king is ere this out of their reach. We have reason to think well of my brother Albert's safety.

LEE. (*Reproachfully.*) Aye, Albert! there again. Had it not been for thy entreaties, I had gone to Worcester myself; but I must needs lie here like a worthless hound when the hunt is up. But you and Albert were so desirous that he should go alone—and now, who can say what has become of him?

ALICE. My dearest father ! (*She weeps.*) What can I say to comfort you ?

LEE. Comfort me, sayest thou, girl ? I am sick of comfort—an honourable death, with the ruins of Woodstock for my monument, were the only comfort to old Henry Lee. Yes, by the memory of my fathers ! I will make good the Lodge against these rebellious robbers.

ALICE. Yet be ruled, dearest father, and submit. My uncle Everard—

LEE. Thy uncle Everard, wench ! Well, go on. (*In an angry voice.*) What of thy loving uncle Everard ?

ALICE. I only meant to say, sir, that I am well assured my uncle Everard, when we quit this place—

LEE. (*Interrupting.*) That is to say when we are kicked out of it by crop-eared canting villains like himself. But on with thy bountiful uncle—what will he do ?

ALICE. My uncle Everard desires you would be courteous to the Commissioners who come here to sequestrate the parks and property. He has good hopes that if you follow his counsel, the committee may—

LEE. (*Interrupting.*) By the blessed Rood, thou hast well nigh led me to believe thou art no daughter of mine, to recommend me to beg back at the bloody hands of my master's murderers, a wretched remnant of the royal property I have been robbed of ! Thou may'st wander thy own way to a refuge with thy wealthy Roundhead kinsfolk.

ALICE. You do me injustice, sir. God knows, your way is my way, though it lead to ruin and beggary ; and while you tread it, my arm shall support you.

LEE. Thou word'st me, girl, thou word'st me, as Will Shakespeare says. Thou speakest of lending me thy arm ; but thy secret thought is thyself to hang on Markham Everard's.

ALICE. (*In deep grief.*) My father, my father, what can

thus have altered your clear judgement and kindly heart? Accursed be these civil commotions! not only do they destroy men's bodies, but they pervert their souls, and the brave, the generous become suspicious and harsh. Why upbraid me with Markham Everard? Have I seen or spoken to him since you forbade him my company? Why think I would sacrifice to that young man my duty to you?

LEE. (*Moved.*) I cannot tell what to think of it. But about leaving Woodstock—or defending it?

ALICE. My dearest father, can you still nourish a moment's hope of making good the place?

LEE. I know not, wench. I would fain have a parting blow at them. But then, my poor knaves. . . . Well! thou hast disarmed me, girl. I will be as patient and calm as a martyr. Though a Roundhead is in my opinion more loathsome than a toad, yet can I overcome my nature so far that, should one of them appear at this moment, thyself should see how civilly I would entreat him. (*Tomkins stalks forward. Lee stares at him.*) Who art thou? (*Angrily.*)

TOMKINS. I am one who neither fear nor shame to call myself a poor day-labourer in the great work of England—umph! Ay, a simple and sincere upholder of the good old cause.

LEE. (*Fiercely.*) And what the deuce do you seek here?

TOMKINS. The welcome due to the steward of the Lords Commissioners.

LEE. Welcome art thou as salt would be to sore eyes. But who be your Commissioners, man? (*Tomkins holds out a scroll, which the knight takes and opens. He reads.*) Desborough—the ploughman Desborough—as grovelling a clown as is in England. Harrison—a bloody-minded, ranting enthusiast. Bletson—a true-blue Commonwealth man, with his noddle full of new-fangled notions about government. Damn them all!

TOMKINS. Friend, I would willingly be civil, but it consists not with my duty to hear these godly men spoken of after this irreverent manner.

LEE. Thou art but a canting varlet ; yet it is superfluous to curse men who are already damned as black as the smoke of hell itself.

TOMKINS. I prithee forbear. Grisly oaths suit ill with grey beards.

LEE. Nay, that is truth, if the devil spoke it. And so friend, touching these same Commissioners, bear them this message—that Sir Henry Lee is Keeper of Woodstock Park. Nevertheless, he will give place to those who have made might their right, purely to avoid the loss of English blood.

TOMKINS. It is well spoken, and therefore I pray you let us walk together into the house, that thou mayest deliver up the gold and silver ornaments belonging unto the Egyptian Pharaoh, who——

LEE. (*Interrupting angrily.*) What vessels ? and belonging to whom ? Unbaptized dog, speak civil of the Martyr in my presence, or I will do a deed misbecoming of me on that caitiff corpse of thine. (*He lays hands on his rapier.*)

TOMKINS. (*Calmly.*) Nay, good friend, I prithee, brawl not ; it becomes not grey hairs and feeble arms to rail and rant like drunkards. Wherefore, render up thy stewardship peacefully, and deliver up to me the chattels of the man, Charles Stewart.

LEE. (*Angrily.*) Patience is a good nag, but she will bolt.

(*Draws and hits Tomkins with the scabbard, which he flings away ; then places himself in a posture of defence. Tomkins draws, and after a few passes disarms Lee.*)

TOMKINS. Thou art delivered into my hands, and by the law of arms I might smite thee under the fifth rib, even as Asahel was struck dead by Abner, the son of Ner.

But wherefore should thy life be shortened by a poor sinful man, who is but thy fellow-worm ?

(*Enter Joceline summoned by the cries of Alice. He brandishes his quarter-staff and makes to strike Tomkins.*)

LEE. (*Interposing.*) We must trail bats<sup>1</sup> now, Joceline—our time of shouldering them is past. (*Enter Bevis the dog, who prepares to spring at Tomkins.*) Peace, Bevis ! (*The dog cowers.*) (*To Alice.*) Bevis is of thy opinion, and counsels submission. Reach me my Toledo, Joceline ; yonder it lies. Do not pull at my cloak, Alice, and look so miserably frightened ; I shall be in no hurry to betake me to bright steel again. (*To Tomkins.*) For thee, good fellow, I thank thee, and will make way for thy masters without further dispute or ceremony. Joceline Joliffe is nearer thy degree than I am, and will render to thee of the Lodge and household stuff. Withhold nothing, Joliffe—let them have all. Alice and I will go down to thy hut by Rosamond's Well ; thou wilt give us welcome, wilt thou not ?

JOCELINE. (*Embarrassed.*) Certainly, might I but run down and put the house in order.

LEE. Order enough ; but if thou hast harboured any obnoxious or malignant persons, never shame to speak it out, man. Thy betters turn with the tide, why should not such a poor knave as thou ?

JOCELINE. God pardon your honour for your harsh judgement. The hut is yours, such as it is ; only I could wish to put matters into order for Mistress Alice.

LEE. Not a whit necessary. If thy matters are unseemly, they are fitter for a defeated knight. Go thou with that man. What is thy name, friend ?

TOMKINS. Joseph Tomkins is my name in the flesh ; men call me Honest Joe, Trusty Tomkins.

<sup>1</sup> Quarter-staves.

LEE. If thou hast deserved such names, considering what trade thou hast driven, thou art a jewel indeed. Yet, if thou hast not, never blush for the matter, for if thou art not in truth honest thou hast all the better chance to keep the fame of it. Farewell to thee—and farewell to fair Woodstock.

(*Exeunt Lee and Alice—pause.*)

JOCELINE. (*Gruffly.*) So, my tough old knight and you were at drawn bilbo, by way of afternoon service, sir preacher. Well for you I came not up till the blades were done jingling, or I had rung evensong upon your pate.

TOMKINS. (*Smiling grimly.*) Nay, friend, it is well for thyself, for never should sexton have been better paid for the knell he tolled. Nevertheless, why should there be war betwixt us? Thou art, I understand, to give me peaceful possession of the Palace of Woodstock—though, there is now no palace in England, nor shall be until we shall enter the New Jerusalem and the reign of the Saints shall commence on earth.

JOCELINE. That is as may be, brother; but will you on, since you heard my orders?

TOMKINS. Umph! I know not. I must beware of ambuscades, and I am here alone. Wherefore, if thou wilt deliver me possession to-morrow morning, it shall be——

JOCELINE. (*Interrupting.*) This is all fair sounding, brother, but who is to hold me guiltless, if the store of silver cups and platters and so forth be minished to-morrow?

TOMKINS. Ay, truly! And who is to hold *me* blameless if they should see cause to think anything minished? Therefore as thou sayest, we must walk warily in the matter. What sayest thou to spend the night there?

JOCELINE. Why, concerning that, I should be at my hut to make matters somewhat conformable for the old knight and Mistress Alice; and yet, to speak the truth,

I would rather not see Sir Henry to-night since what has happened to-day hath roused his spleen, so I'll e'en agree. Let us go.

(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT I. SCENE II

*The background of the scene is a small hut of wattle and daub, the home of Joceline Joliffe. Near by is a heap of hewn stones, the remains of a substantial hut which once stood on the spot. On one side is a spring, bubbling out with a tinkling sound, and forming a small rill. The white-washed walls are covered with creeper, and the thatched roof is neat and well-built. Behind the hut can be seen the woods of Woodstock. Enter LEE and ALICE. The former knocks at the door, and, getting no reply, breaks it down in a spasm of anger, disclosing MARKHAM EVERARD, muffled in a riding-mantle.*

LEE. (*Hauling Everard outside.*) This may be my last act of authority here, but I am still Ranger of Woodstock for this night at least. Who or what art thou?

EVERARD. (*Dropping his mantle, and falling on one knee.*) Your poor kinsman, Markham Everard, who came hither for your sake, although he fears you will scarce make him welcome for his own.

LEE. (*Erect and in a dignified tone.*) Fair kinsman, it pleases me that you are come to Woodstock upon the very first night that, for many years which have passed, is likely to promise you a worthy or a welcome reception.

EVERARD. Now God grant it be so, that I rightly hear and duly understand you.

LEE. (*Ironically.*) I need not, I presume, inform Mr. Markham Everard that it cannot be our purpose to entertain him, or even to offer him a seat in this poor hut.

EVERARD. I will attend you most willingly to the Lodge.



I had, indeed, judged you were already there for the evening, and feared to intrude upon you. But if you would permit me, my dearest uncle, to escort my kinswoman and you back——

LEE. You mistake me greatly, Mr. Markham Everard. It is not our purpose to return to the Lodge to-night, nor, by Our Lady, to-morrow neither. I meant but to intimate to you, in all courtesy, that at Woodstock Lodge you will find those for whom you are fitting society.

EVERARD. (*Turning to Alice.*) For Heaven's sake, tell me how I am to understand language so mysterious !

ALICE. We are expelled from the Lodge by soldiers.

EVERARD. (*In surprise.*) Expelled—by soldiers ! There is no legal warrant for this.

LEE. (*Still ironically.*) None at all, and yet as lawful a warrant as for aught that has been wrought in England this twelvemonth and more. You are, I think, or were, an Inns-of-Court man ; you have already survived the law which you studied—and its expiry doubtless has not been without a legacy—some decent pickings, some merciful increase, as the phrase goes. You have deserved it two ways——

EVERARD. (*With submission.*) Think of me and speak of me as harshly as you will, sir. I have but, in this evil time, guided myself by my conscience and my father's commands.

LEE. Oh, an you talk of conscience, I must have mine eye upon you, as Hamlet says. Never yet did Puritan cheat so grossly as when he was appealing to his conscience. As for thy father——

EVERARD. (*Firmly.*) Sir Henry Lee, you have ever been thought noble. Say of me what you will, but speak not of my father what the ear of a son should not endure, and which yet his arm cannot resent. To do me such wrong is to insult an unarmed man, or to beat a captive.

LEE. Thou hast spoken truth in that, Mark, wert thou the blackest Puritan——

EVERARD. Be that as you will to think it, but let me not leave you to the shelter of this wretched hovel. The night is drawing to storm ; let me but conduct you to the Lodge, and expel those intruders. Grant me but this much, for the love you once bore me.

LEE. (*Firmly, but sorrowfully*). Yes, Mark, thou speakest truth. I did love thee once. The bright-haired boy whom I taught to ride, to shoot, to hunt—ay, and I am weak enough to love even the memory of what he was. But he is gone, Mark, he is gone ; and in his room I only behold an avowed and determined rebel to his religion and to his king.

EVERARD. You may carry insult to extremity against me at your pleasure, not on account of our relationship alone, but because I am bound in charity to endure it. (*Turns to go.*) Farewell, sir, not in anger, but in pity ! We may meet in a better time. Farewell, farewell, Alice. (*Lee and Alice enter the hut—Everard pauses in reflection. Voice in the distance, singing.*)

VOICE. Hey for Cavaliers ! Ho for Cavaliers !  
Pray for Cavaliers !

Rub-a-dub—rub-a-dub !  
Have at old Beelzebub—  
Oliver smokes for fear.

EVERARD. I should know that voice.

VOICE. Hash them—slash them—  
All to pieces dash them.

EVERARD. So ho ! who goes there, and for whom ?

VOICE. For Church and King. No, hang me, I mean *against* Church and King, and for the people that are uppermost—I forget which they are. (*Enter Wildrake.*)

EVERARD. Roger Wildrake, as I guess ?

WILDRAKE. The same—gentleman, of Squattlesea-mere, in the moist county of Lincoln.

EVERARD. Wildrake ! Wild goose you should be called. You have been moistening your own throat to some purpose, and using it to gabble tunes very suitable to the times, to be sure.

WILDRAKE. Faith, the tune's a pretty tune enough, Mark, only out of fashion a little, the more's the pity. But wherefore are you not in the hut ? I was about to seek you there.

EVERARD. I have been obliged to leave it. I will tell you the cause hereafter.

WILDRAKE. What ! The old play-hunting Cavalier was cross, or Chloe was unkind ?

EVERARD. Jest not, Wildrake—it is all over with me.

WILDRAKE. The devil it is ! and you take it thus quietly ? Zounds ! let us back together ; I'll plead your cause for you. Hang me, Sir Henry Lee, says I, your nephew is a piece of a Puritan—it won't deny—but I'll uphold him a gentleman and a pretty fellow for all that. Let him wear on one side of his head a castor <sup>1</sup>——

EVERARD. Prithee, truce with this nonsense, Wildrake, and tell me if you are sober enough to hear a few words of sober reason.

WILDRAKE. Pshaw, man, I did but crack a brace of quarts with yonder puritanic roundheaded soldiers, up yonder at the town. Pah ! the very wine tasted of hypocrisy.

EVERARD. That is just what I wished to speak with you about, Wildrake. You hold me, I am sure, for your friend ?

WILDRAKE. True as steel. Chums at College and at Lincoln's Inn. We've been Theseus and Pirithous, and for a puritanic touch, David and Jonathan.

EVERARD. True, and when you followed the King to Nottingham and I enrolled under Essex, we swore, at our parting, that whichever side was victorious——

WILDRAKE. Surely, man, surely ; and have you not

<sup>1</sup> *Castor* : a hat made of fur.

protected me accordingly? Did you not save me from hanging?

EVERARD. Why, then, render the task of protecting you more difficult than it must be? Why come holloaing and whooping out cavalier ditties, like a drunken trooper of Prince Rupert?

WILDRAKE. I tell you, Mark, that you are hard on me. You have practised sobriety from the cradle to this day, and it is a thing of nature to you. After all, considering the guise is new to me, I think I bear myself indifferently well—try me!

EVERARD. (*Seriously.*) Are there any more news from Worcester fight?

WILDRAKE. Worse! hang me, worse a hundred times than reported—totally broken. Noll hath certainly sold himself to the devil.

EVERARD. What! and would this be your answer to the first red-coat who asked the question?

WILDRAKE. Nay, nay! I thought you asked me in your own person. Lack-a-day! a great mercy, a glorifying mercy, a crowning mercy. I profess the malignants are scattered from Dan to Beersheba—smitten hip and thigh, even unto the going down of the sun!

EVERARD. And hear you aught of the young man, King of Scotland, as they call him?

WILDRAKE. Nothing, but that he is hunted like a partridge on the mountains. May God deliver him and confound his enemies! Zoons, Mark Everard, I can fool it no longer. I hear your voice, and I answer to it in the true tone of my heart. When I am in the company of your snuffling friends, you have seen me act my part indifferently well.

EVERARD. But indifferently, indeed. However, speak little, and set your hat even on your brows. Remember you are my clerk.

WILDRAKE. Secretary; let it be secretary, if you love me. (Everard *prepares to interrupt*.) Nay, thou art a right good fellow, Mark; but remember to cough and cry hem! when thou seest me like to break bounds. And now tell me whither we are bound for, the night?

EVERARD. To Woodstock Lodge, to look after my uncle's property. I am informed that soldiers have taken possession.

WILDRAKE. There was a kind of steward gone down to the Lodge. I had a peep at him. As I passed through the park in quest of you, I saw two rascallions engaged in emptying a stoup of strong waters, and dispatching a huge venison pasty.

EVERARD. The profane villains! Follow thou quickly. (Exit, followed by Wildrake.)

### ACT I. SCENE III

*A bedroom in the Lodge, Woodstock. WILDRAKE is asleep on a bed in the corner. EVERARD is seated at a table, illuminated by two candles, while the rest of the room is in shadow. Faint outlines of heavy, gloomy furniture can be seen. The room is very still, the silence broken only by occasional mutterings of the Cavalier as he tosses in his sleep, the falling of sticks from the fire, or the faint scratch of EVERARD'S pen.*

EVERARD. (Flinging down his pen, resting his elbows on the arms of the chair and gazing straight in front of him—quietly to himself.) There is no help for it: it must be Cromwell or anarchy. If he govern by Parliament and with regard to the privileges of the subject, wherefore not Oliver as well as Charles? The weal of Britain requires Cromwell to be head of the Government, and the interest of Sir Henry Lee, or rather his safety and his existence, demand the preservation of Woodstock and his residence

there. (*He picks up his letter.*) I have till this hour avoided mixing up personal motives with public grounds of action ; yet now I feel—— (*Sighs, then seals the letter and rises.*) It will be well to take the first word of influence with him, since there must be many who will not hesitate to recommend counsels more violent and precipitate. (*Puts letter on the table.*) In the morning I will send that by Wildrake, whose rashness is increased by idleness and unemployment. (*Crosses to Wildrake.*)

WILDRAKE. (*In his sleep.*) Is it morning already, jailer ? Why, you dog, if you had but a cast of humanity in you, you would qualify your vile news with a cup of sack ; hanging is sorry work, my masters, and sorrow's dry.

EVERARD. Up, Wildrake—up, thou ill-omened dreamer ! (*Shaking him by the collar.*)

WILDRAKE. Hands off ! I can climb a ladder without help, I trow. (*He wakes fully.*) Zounds ! Mark, is it only thou ? I thought it was all over with me—fetters were struck from my legs, irons knocked off my hands—all ready for a dance in the open element upon slight footing.

EVERARD. Truce with thy folly, Wildrake. I scarce believe thou hast thy senses yet.

WILDRAKE. What should ail me ? I trust I have not tasted liquor in my sleep, saving that I dreamed of drinking small beer with Old Noll, of his own brewing. But do not look so glum, man, I am the same Roger Wildrake that I ever was—as wild as a mallard,<sup>1</sup> but as true as a game-cock.

EVERARD. You will drive me mad ; when I am about to entrust to your management all I have most valuable on earth, your conduct and language are those of a mere Bedlamite. It is unsafe for thyself and me, Wildrake ; it is unkind—I might say ungrateful.

WILDRAKE. (*With some feeling.*) Nay, do not say that,

<sup>1</sup> mallard : a wild drake. He is punning on his own name.

my friend, and do not judge me too severely. What canst thou expect from us, who have lost our all in these sad jars, but to bear such a lot with a light heart, since we should break down under it with a heavy one ?

EVERARD. (*Kindly.*) If I seem harsh to thee, I profess it was for thine own sake more than mine. I know thou hast at bottom as deep a principle of honour as ever governed the human heart. But thou art thoughtless, thou art rash ; and I protest to thee that, wert thou to betray thyself in this matter in which I trust thee, the evil consequences to myself would not afflict me more than the thought of putting thee into such danger. (*He picks up the letter.*)

WILDRAKE. Nay, if thou take it on that tone, Mark, thou wilt make children of us both. Well, I am thy secretary—clerk, I had forgot—and carry thy dispatches to Cromwell. Adzooks, man, think of it a moment longer. Surely thou wilt not carry thy perverseness so far as to strike in with this bloody-minded rebel ?

EVERARD. Go to, this is beyond our bargain. If you will help me, it is well ; if not, let us lose no time, since I think every moment an age till this packet is in the General's possession. It is the only way left me to obtain some protection and a place of refuge for my uncle and his daughter.

WILDRAKE. That being the case, I will not spare the spur. My nag up yonder will be ready for the road in a trice, and thou mayest reckon on my being with Old Noll—thy general, I mean—in as short time as man and horse may consume betwixt Woodstock and Windsor, where I think I shall for the present find thy friend keeping possession where he has slain.

EVERARD. Hush, not a word of that. Since we parted last night I have shaped thee a path which will suit thee better than to assume the decency of language and of outward manner, of which thou hast so little. I have

acquainted the General that thou hast been by bad example and bad education——

WILDRAKE. Which is to be interpreted by contraries, I hope, for sure I have been as well born and bred up as any lad of Leicestershire might desire.

EVERARD. Now, I prithee, hush. Thou hast, I say, by bad example, become at one time a malignant, and mixed in the party of the late king. But seeing what things were wrought in the nation by the General, thou hast come to a clearness touching his calling to be a great implement in the settlement of these distracted kingdoms. This account of thee will not only lead him to pass over some of thy eccentricities, but will give thee an interest with him.

WILDRAKE. Doubtless, as every fisher loves best the trouts that are of his own tickling.

EVERARD. It is likely, I think, he will send thee hither with letters to me, enabling me to put a stop to the proceedings of these sequestrators, and to give poor old Sir Henry Lee permission to linger out his days among the oaks he loves to look upon. I have made this my request to General Cromwell. Thou dost understand?

WILDRAKE. Entirely well. I would rather stretch a rope than hold commerce with the old king-killing ruffian. But I have said I will be guided by thee, Markham, and rat me but I will.

EVERARD. Be cautious, then. Mark well what he does and says—more especially what he does; for Oliver is one of those whose mind is better known by his actions than by his words. And stay—I warrant thee thou wert setting off without a cross<sup>1</sup> in thy purse?

WILDRAKE. Too true, Mark, the last noble<sup>2</sup> melted last night among yonder blackguard troopers of yours.

EVERARD. Well, Roger, that is easily mended. (*He hands him a purse.*) But art thou not an inconsiderate weather-

<sup>1</sup> cross : a coin, since coins were often so stamped on one side.

<sup>2</sup> noble : an Old English gold coin worth 6s. 8d.



brained fellow, to set forth, as thou wert about to do, without anything to bear thy charges? What could'st thou have done?

WILDRAKE. Faith, I never thought of that. I must have cried 'Stand', I suppose, to the first pursy townsman or greasy grazier that I met o' the heath—it is many a good fellow's shift in these bad times.

EVERARD. Go to; be cautious; use none of your loose acquaintance; rule your tongue; beware of the wine-pot; be moderate in speech, and forbear oaths or vaunting.

WILDRAKE. In short, make myself into such a prig as thou art, Mark? Well, as far as outside will go, I think I can make an oily Puritan as well as thou canst. (*Going.*)

EVERARD. Good luck to thee. But be cautious how thou bearest thyself. (*Exit Wildrake, whistling. Everard sinks into a chair. To himself.*) I think I have not pledged myself too far to the General. He may dislike my messenger. Yet that I do not greatly fear. He knows I would choose such as I can myself depend on, and hath dealt enough with the stricter sort to be aware that there are among them men who can hide two faces under one hood.

CURTAIN.

## ACT II. SCENE I

*A state-room in Windsor Castle. The pictures and rich hangings have not been touched, but the room is in some disorder, and the tables are littered with black-jacks.<sup>1</sup> Several figures are seen at one side, engaged in a religious discussion. CROMWELL in the centre is drilling a recruit.*

*Enter WILDRAKE. He is about to cross the room, when he is challenged by a soldier.*

SOLDIER. Whither away, and who are you?

WILDRAKE. The bearer of a packet to the worshipful the Lord-General.

<sup>1</sup> Large leather jugs.

SOLDIER. Stand till I call the officer of the guard. (*Exit. He returns with a corporal.*)

CORPORAL. Friend, I would know thy business.

WILDRAKE. My business is with your general.

CORPORAL. With his Excellency the Lord-General, thou would'st say? Thy speech, my friend, savours too little of the reverence due to his Excellency.

WILDRAKE. (*Bowing—and speaking under his breath.*) Hang his Excellency.

CORPORAL. Wait thou here. (*He advances towards Cromwell.*)

CROMWELL. (*To the recruit.*) Cock your musket—Handle your primers— (*He repeats various other orders, ending with—*) Order your musket. (*A pause.*) Thy name, friend?

RECRUIT. Ephraim.

CROMWELL. And what besides Ephraim?

RECRUIT. Ephraim Cobb, from the godly city of Gloucester, where I have dwelt for seven years, serving apprentice to a praiseworthy cordwainer.

CROMWELL. It is a goodly craft; but casting in thy lot with ours, doubt not that thou shalt be set beyond thine awl, and thy last to boot. (*The Corporal approaches still nearer, followed closely by Wildrake.*) How now, corporal, what tidings?

CORPORAL. Here is one with a packet, an it please your Excellency. Surely my spirit doth not rejoice in him, seeing I esteem him as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

WILDRAKE. (*To himself in surprise.*) So this is indeed Old Noll. How must I address him?

(*Cromwell turns to look at him, grips his sword, but releases it again; then folds his arms in his cloak.*)

CROMWELL. What are you, and whence come you?

WILDRAKE. A poor gentleman, sir—that is, my lord—last from Woodstock.

CROMWELL. And what may your tidings be, sir gentleman? Truly I have seen those most willing to take upon

them that title, bear themselves somewhat short of wise men. Yet 'gentleman' was a good title in Old England.

WILDRAKE. You say truly, sir; formerly gentlemen were found in gentlemen's places, but now the world is so changed that you shall find the brodered cloak hath changed places with homespun.

CROMWELL. Sayest thou so? I profess thou art a bold companion that can handy words so wantonly; thou ring'st somewhat too loud to be good metal, methinks. And, once again, what are thy tidings for me?

WILDRAKE. This packet; commended to your hands by Colonel Markham Everard. (*He hands Cromwell a packet.*)

CROMWELL. (*Somewhat mollified by the name.*) Alas! I must have mistaken thee: forgive us, good friend—for such, we doubt not, thou art. Sit thee down, and commune with thyself as thou may'st, until we have examined the contents of thy packet. (*To the Corporal.*) Let him be looked to, and have what he lacks. (*Exit.*)

CORPORAL. What sayest thou, friend, to a black-jack filled with October? <sup>1</sup>

A SOLDIER. Or a pipe of Trinidado?

WILDRAKE. (*Aside.*) What say I? Why amen! —But I fear I am in but an indifferently safe position. (*Aloud.*) I thank you, friends, but not now; I slept but little last night, and would rest.

(*He seats himself and pretends to doze. A pause, filled only by the arguments of the figures in the background—scraps are heard.*)

. . . in the eleventh chapter, and at the twenty-fifth verse . . . ah! but thou mistakest . . . art in bondage . . . when the men of Gilead were . . . like unto Jezebel . . . (*And so on.*)

(*Re-enter Cromwell.*)

CROMWELL. Pearson! Captain Pearson! (*Enter Pear-*

<sup>1</sup> i. e. ale brewed in October, good ale.

son.) Clear thou this guard house, and wait within call. *(The soldiers get up and go out, still disputing. Wildrake rises, and stands in front of Cromwell who seats himself at the table.)* What subject is the worthy chaplain now discussing?

PEARSON. He was touching the rightful claims which the army, and especially your Excellency, hath acquired by becoming the instruments in the great work; instruments to be preserved and held precious, and prized for their honourable and faithful labours.

CROMWELL. Ah, good man! and did he touch upon this so feelingly? I could say something, but not now. Begone, Pearson. *(Exit Pearson. Cromwell stares at Wildrake.)* This letter you have brought us from your master, or patron, Markham Everard, truly an excellent and honourable gentleman, who hath played the man. Nevertheless, in respect of Woodstock, it is a great thing which the good Colonel asks, that it should be taken from the spoil of the godly, and left in keeping of the men of Moab, and especially of the malignant, Henry Lee, whose hand hath been ever against us. *(Pause.)* A great thing, as I say, though I love my kind friend the Colonel; yet have I also regard for my pious and godly kinsman Master Desborough. For know that Woodstock is held to be of great importance. Parliament is determined, I say *determined*, that it should be confiscated, and the produce brought into the coffers of the State. Now though I have deep veneration for the authority of Parliament, yet have I no less deep sense of the injustice done to the army—to whom, poor silly men! I am bound to be as a father. *(Pause.)*

WILDRAKE. *(To himself.)* Whither does this lead? To a granting of the powers to Mark, or not?

CROMWELL. Now, when communing thus together, our discourse taketh three heads. First, as it concerneth thy master; secondly, as it concerneth us and our office; thirdly and lastly, as it toucheth thyself.

WILDRAKE. (*To himself.*) If Noll were the devil himself, I will not be thus nose-led by him. (*Aloud.*) So please you, your worship has already treated of the first two topics. But to enable me to do my errand, it would be necessary to bestow a few words on the third.

CROMWELL. The third?

WILDRAKE. Ay, which touched on my unworthy self. What am I to do? What portion am I to have in this matter?

CROMWELL. (*Starting to his feet, and speaking sternly.*) Thy portion, jail-bird, the gallows; thou shalt hang as high as Haman, if thou betray counsel. (*Softening somewhat.*) Come hither; thou art bold, I see, though somewhat saucy. Thou hast been a malignant, so writes my worthy friend, but thou hast now given up that falling cause. Let me therefore know, first, if the leaven of malignancy is altogether drubbed out of thee.

WILDRAKE. Your honourable lordship has done that for most of us, as far as cudgelling to some tune can perform it.

CROMWELL. (*Grimly.*) Sayest thou? Yea, truly, thou dost not lie in that—we have been an instrument. Neither are we so severely bent against those who have striven against us as malignants, as others may be. Parliament men best know their own interest and their own pleasure; but to my poor thinking it is full time to close those jars; and we think it will be thy fault if thou art not employed to good purpose for the state and thyself, an thou givest earnest attention to what I have to tell thee.

WILDRAKE. Your lordship need not doubt my attention.

CROMWELL. (*After a pause.*) Will it not be said that I am lending myself to the malignant interest, affording this den of the bloodthirsty tyrants of yore to be in this our day a place of refuge to that old and inveterate Amalekite, Sir Henry Lee, to keep possession of the place?

WILDRAKE. Am I then to report, an it please you, that you cannot stead Colonel Everard in this matter ?

CROMWELL. Unconditionally, ay ; but taken conditionally, the answer may be otherwise. I see thou art not able to fathom my purpose, and therefore I will partly unfold it to thee. But take notice, should thy tongue betray my counsel——

WILDRAKE. Do not fear me, sir.

CROMWELL. Hear me, then. Knowest thou not the young Lee whom they call Albert, a malignant like his father, who went up with the Young Mañ to Worcester—may we be grateful for the victory !

WILDRAKE. I know there is such a young gentleman as Albert Lee.

CROMWELL. And knowest thou not that thy master, Markham Everard, is a suitor after the sister of this same malignant ?

WILDRAKE. All this I have heard, nor can I deny that I believe it.

CROMWELL. Well, then, go to. When the young man Charles Stewart fled from the field of Worcester, and was compelled by pursuit to separate himself from his followers, I know by sure intelligence that Albert Lee was one of the very last——

WILDRAKE. (*Forgetting himself.*) It was devilish like him, and I'll uphold him with my rapier to be a true chip of the old block !

CROMWELL. Ha ! swearest thou ? Is this thy reformation ?

WILDRAKE. (*Recollecting himself.*) I never swear, so please you, except there is some mention of malignants and Cavaliers in my hearing, and then the old habit returns.

CROMWELL. Out upon thee ; what can it avail thee to practise a profanity so horrible to the ears of others ? But to return. (*Abruptly.*) What sort of a house is Woodstock ?

WILDRAKE. An old mansion, and, so far as I could judge by a single night's lodging, having abundance of back-stairs, and all the communications underground which are common in old raven-nests of the sort.

CROMWELL. And places for concealing priests? It is seldom that such ancient houses lack secret stalls wherein to mew up these calves of Bethel.

WILDRAKE. Your honour's Excellency may swear to that.

CROMWELL. (*Drily.*) I swear not at all. But what think'st thou, good fellow? Where will these two Worcester fugitives that thou wottest of be more likely to take shelter, than in that same old palace, with all the corners and concealments whereof young Lee hath been acquainted ever since his earliest infancy?

WILDRAKE. (*Trying to appear indifferent.*) Truly, I should be of your honour's opinion, but that I think the company, who have occupied Woodstock, are likely to fright them thence, as a cat scares doves from the pigeon-house. The neighbourhood, with reverence, of Generals Desborough and Harrison will suit ill with fugitives from Worcester field. But my brain, perhaps, is too poor to reach the depth of your honourable purpose.

CROMWELL. Listen then, and let it be to profit. I would desire to cast this ball of opportunity into your master's lap. He hath served against this Charles Stewart and his father. But he is a kinsman near to the old knight, Lee, and stands well affected towards his daughter. Thou also wilt keep a watch, my friend. That ruffling look of thine will procure thee the confidence of every malignant; and the prey cannot approach this cover, as though to shelter, but thou wilt be sensible of his presence.

WILDRAKE. I make shift to understand your Excellency, and I thank you heartily for the good opinion you have put upon me. But still, with reverence, your Excellency's

scheme seems unlikely while Woodstock remains in possession of the sequestrators.

CROMWELL. It is for that I have been dealing with thee thus long. I told thee I was somewhat unwilling, upon *slight* occasion, to dispossess the sequestrators by my own proper warrant. But, if thy colonel will undertake, for his love of the republic, to find the means of preventing the escape of the Young Man, and will do his endeavour to stay him in case his flight leads him to Woodstock, I will give thee an order to these sequestrators to evacuate the palace instantly; and to the next troop of my soldiers to turn them out by the shoulders if they make any scruples.

WILDRAKE. So please you, sir, with your most powerful warrant, I trust I might expel the commissioners, without—

CROMWELL. I should like to see the best of them sit after I had nodded to him to begone! What concerns me to know is whether thy master will embrace a traffic which hath such a fair promise of profit in it, with the aid of a scout like thee, who canst, I should guess, resume thy ruffianly health-quaffing manners. (*He rises.*) But woe to you if you suffer the young adventurer to escape. Begone, sirrah! Pearson shall bring thee sealed orders. Yet stay—thou hast something to ask?

WILDRAKE. I would know what is the figure of this young gallant, in case I should find him?

CROMWELL. A tall, rawboned, swarthy lad they say he has shot up into. (*Turning to the wall.*) Here is a picture by a good hand, taken some time since. (*He happens on the portrait of Charles I, and stands gazing at it sternly, while Wildrake fumbles at his belt, as if seeking his sword.*) That Flemish Painter—that Antonio Vandyke, what a power he has! Steel may mutilate, warriors may waste and destroy, still the king stands uninjured by time; and our grandchildren may compare the melancholy features with



his woful story. It was a stern necessity—it was an awful deed. The calm pride of that eye, which might have ruled worlds of crouching Frenchmen, only roused the native courage of the stern Englishman.

CURTAIN.

ACT II. SCENE II

*The Parlour at Woodstock. It is well lighted by a dozen candles in sconces on the walls, and the rich hangings and substantial pictures are very clearly seen. A fire is blazing in the hearth, and the Commissioners DESBOROUGH, BLETSON, and HARRISON are seated round a large table, set in front of it. On the table is spread a collection of bottles, glasses, and tobacco jars.*

DESBOROUGH. . . . Sent him to share with us, I've warrant you. It was always his Excellency my brother-in-law's way; if he made a treat for five friends, he would invite more than the table could hold. I have known him ask three men to eat two eggs.

BLETSON. Hush, hush!

*(Enter servants.)*

FIRST SERVANT. Colonel Everard. *(Servants retire out of sight.)*

*(Enter Everard, Wildrake, the Mayor of Woodstock, Holdenough. Bletson rises and salutes Everard. Desborough growls out something while still seated. Harrison remains unmoved, looking at the ceiling. Everard sits down and motions to the others to take their places at the table. Pause.)*

EVERARD. I presume, gentlemen, that you are somewhat surprised at my arrival here, and thus intruding myself into your meeting.

DESBOROUGH. Why the dickens should we be surprised,

Colonel? We know his Excellency, my brother-in-law Noll's way—I mean my Lord Cromwell's way, of over-quartering his men in the towns he marches through. Thou hast obtained a share in our commission?

BLETSON. (*Smiling and bowing.*) And in that the Lord Général has given us the most acceptable colleague that could have been added to our number. No doubt your authority for joining with us must be under warrant of the Council of State?

EVERARD. Of that, gentlemen, I will, presently advise you. My business has, of course, some reference to your proceedings here. But here is—excuse my curiosity—a reverend gentleman (*He points to Holdenough*) who has told me that you are so strangely embarrassed here as to require both the civil and the spiritual authority to enable you to keep possession of Woodstock.

BLETSON. (*Blushing.*) Before we go into that matter, I should like to know who this other stranger is, who has come with the worthy magistrate and the no less worthy Presbyterian?

WILDRAKE. Meaning me? Gadzooks, the time has been that I could have answered the question with a better title, but at present I am only his honour's poor clerk, or secretary, whichever is the current phrase.

DESBOROUGH. 'Fore George, my lively blade, thou art a frank fellow of thy tattle. There is my secretary Tomkins, that durst not for his ears speak a phrase above his breath in the presence of his betters, save to answer a question.

BLETSON. Yes, Colonel; I have called my own secretary Gibbet, though his name chances to be Gibeon, a worthy Israelite at your service. This squire of thine looks as if he might be worthy to be coupled with the rest of the fraternity.

WILDRAKE. Not I truly. • I'll be coupled with no Jew that was ever whelped.

BLETSON. Scorn not for that, young man. The Jews are, in point of religion, the elder brethren, you know.

DESBOROUGH. The Jews older than the Christians? 'Fore George, they will have thee before the General Assembly, Bletson, if thou ventur'est to say so.

(Wildrake laughs, and the servants snigger from a corner of the room.)

BLETSON. (*Angrily.*) How now, ye rogues, do you not know your duty better? Begone!

SERVANT. We beg your worthy honour's pardon, but we dared not go downstairs without a light.

BLETSON. A light, ye cowardly poltroons? What, to show which of you looks palest when a rat squeaks? But take a candlestick and begone, you cowardly villains!

(Tomkins goes to open the door, which is ajar, when it is shut from without suddenly. The servants jump backwards, and the men at the table start to their feet.)

BLETSON. (*Walking very slowly to the door.*) Cowardly blockheads! (*He fumbles with the handle.*) Dare you not open a door? Dare you not go down a staircase without a light? Here, bring me the candle, you cowardly villains! By heaven, something sighs on the outside! (*He starts back.*)

HOLDENOUGH. *Deus adjutor meus!*<sup>1</sup> (*To Bletson.*) Give place, sir; it would seem I know more of this matter than thou, and I bless Heaven I am armed for the conflict. (*He picks up a light, goes to the door, and opens it.*) Here is nothing!

BLETSON. And who expected to see anything, excepting those terrified oafs, who take fright at every puff of wind that whistles through the passages of this old dungeon?

SERVANT. (*Aside to Tomkins.*) Mark you, Master Tomkins, see how boldly the minister presses forward before them all. Ah! Master Tomkins, our parson is the real commissioned officer of the Church.

<sup>1</sup> God help me!

HOLDENOUGH. Follow me those who list, or go before me those who choose, I will walk through the habitable places of this house before I leave it, and satisfy myself whether Satan hath really mingled himself among these dreary dens of ancient wickedness, or whether, like the wicked of whom holy David speaketh, we are afraid, and flee when no one pursueth.

HARRISON. (*Springing up and drawing his sword.*) Were there as many fiends in the house as there are hairs on my head, upon this cause I will charge them up to their very trenches.

(*Exeunt Holdenough, followed by Harrison, Desborough, Wildrake, and the servants.*)

EVERARD. (*Calling, as he is about to follow.*) Nay, take me with you, my friends.

BLETSON. (*Laying hold of his cloak.*) You see, my good Colonel, here are only you and I left behind in garrison. We must not hazard the whole troops in one sortie—that were unmilitary—ha ! ha ! ha !

EVERARD. In the name of Heaven, what means all this ? I heard a foolish tale about apparitions as I came this way, and now I find you half mad with fear. Fie, Master Bletson ! try to compose yourself and let me know. One would be apt to think your brains were turned.

BLETSON. And so they may be, ay, and overturned, too, since my bed last night was turned upside-down, and I was placed for ten minutes heels uppermost and head downmost, like a bullock going to be shot.

EVERARD. What means this nonsense, Master Bletson ?

BLETSON. Hark ! did you not hear something ?

(*A loud clap of thunder ; Bletson shivers and even Everard starts.*)

BLETSON. (*Aside.*) I should be safer with the rest. (*Aloud.*) I must see if aught of harm be happened to Master Desborough. (*He rushes out the way the main body went.*)

EVERARD. Is all the world mad ? (*He gazes towards the door.*) There must be some cause for it all.

(*He picks up a candle as if to search. As he turns his back, the other candles are suddenly snuffed out. He looks over his shoulder, and the candle he carries goes out, and the fire is covered, so that the room is dark.*)

A VOICE. (*Softly.*) Everard, Colonel Everard.

EVERARD. Here I am ; who calls on Markham Everard ? (*A sigh from the unknown.*) Speak, whoever or whatever you are, and tell with what intent and purpose you are lurking in these apartments.

VOICE. With a better intent than yours.

EVERARD. Than mine ! Who are you that dare judge of my intents ?

VOICE. Who are you, Markham Everard, to dare stay in these deserted halls of royalty, where none should be but those who mourn their downfall, or are sworn to avenge it ?

EVERARD. It is—and yet it cannot be ; yet it is and must be. Alice Lee, the devil or you speaks. Answer me, I conjure you ! Speak openly—on what dangerous scheme are you engaged ? where is your father ?

VOICE. She whom you call on is at the distance of miles from this spot. What if her Genius speaks when she is absent ?

EVERARD. Nay, but what if the dearest of human beings has caught a touch of her father's enthusiasm. Speak to me, my fair cousin, in your own person. I am furnished with powers to protect my uncle, Sir Henry. Trust me, and believe that I will die to place you in safety.

VOICE. I am not she for whom you take me ; but I warn you to keep aloof, and to leave this place.

EVERARD. (*Springing forward.*) Not till I have convinced you of your childish folly. (*He is knocked down.*)

SECOND VOICE. A cry for assistance will be stifled in your blood. No harm is meant you ; be wise and be silent.

EVERARD. Cousin Alice——

SECOND VOICE. I tell you that you speak to one who is not here ; but your life is not aimed at, provided you swear on your faith as a Christian and your honour as a gentleman, that you will conceal what has happened from all other persons. On this condition you may rise.

EVERARD. Since I may not help myself otherwise, I swear, as I have a sense of religion and honour, I will say nothing of this violence, nor make any search after those who are concerned in it.

SECOND VOICE. For that we care nothing : we are in case to defy thee. Rise and begone. (Everard rises.) No haste, steel is around thee. Now (*the voice dying away*), now thou art free. Be secret and safe.

(*Voice of Wildrake without.* What ho ! hullo ! Colonel Everard ! It is dark as the devil's mouth—speak—where are you ? The witches are keeping hellish Sabbath here, as I think. Where are you ?)

EVERARD. Here, here ! Cease your bawling.

(*Enter Wildrake.*)

WILDRAKE. What has detained you ? Here are Bletson and the brute Desborough terrified out of their lives, and Harrison is raving mad, because the devil will not be civil enough to rise and fight him in single *duello*.

EVERARD. (*Taking the screen from before the fire, and lighting candles.*) Saw or heard you nothing as you came along ? (*He is bleeding in the neck, and his clothes look awry.*)

WILDRAKE. (*Looking at him.*) What the devil have you been fighting with, that has bedizened you after this sorry fashion ?

EVERARD. Fighting !

WILDRAKE. Yes, I say fighting. Look at yourself in the mirror. If that be the devil's work, Mark, the foul fiend's claws are not nigh so formidable as they are represented.

EVERARD. Madness—madness ! I had this trifling-hurt by a fall—a basin and towel will wipe it away. But we

will e'en sleep in this room, since the night is nigh spent. Where are Master Bletson, Master Desborough, and the others ?

WILDRAKE. Faith, I can't tell. They rushed from the great door as if all the fiends in hell were after them, and I doubt not are by this time half-way to Woodstock.

EVERARD. It matters not, then. •

*(He heaps more wood on the fire, and seats himself in front of it. Wildrake goes to the table, fills and empties a jack of beer, and takes another chair on the opposite side of the hearth.)*

*The curtain descends, and rises again, two hours later. Everard and Wildrake are both sitting asleep, and the fire is reduced to a slight red glow. Sounds as of a burial service are heard. Everard rouses, sits bolt upright and listens. He then stands up, girds on his sword and reaches for a pistol.)*

EVERARD. Alarm ! Roger Wildrake, alarm ! Get a light, and cry alarm !

A VOICE. *(Low and soft.)* Your comrade will not answer. Those only hear the alarm whose consciences feel the call.

EVERARD. Again this mummerly ! I am better armed than I was of late, and but for the sound of that voice, the speaker had bought his trifling dear.

VOICE. We laugh at the weapons thou thinkest should terrify us.—Over the guardians of Woodstock they have no power. Wing thy flight from hence on the morrow ; for if thou tarriest with the owls, bats, vultures, and ravens, which have thought to nestle here, thou wilt inevitably share their fate.

EVERARD. *(In a loud voice.)* Once more I warn you, think not to defy me in vain. I am no child to be frightened by goblins' tales.

SECOND VOICE. You speak proudly, Sir Colonel. Try your courage in this direction.

EVERARD. (*Turning.*) You should not dare me twice, had I a glimpse of light to take aim by. (*Suddenly a dazzling light shows a form like an ancestor of Henry Lee, supporting a veiled female form.*) Were it not for the woman, I would not thus be mortally dared.

SECOND VOICE. Spare not for the female form, but do your worst. I defy you.

EVERARD. Repeat your defiance when I have counted thrice, and take the punishment of your insolence. Once—I have cocked my pistol—twice—I never missed my aim. By all that is sacred I fire if you do not withdraw. When I pronounce the next number, I will shoot you dead where you stand. I am yet unwilling to shed blood—I give you another chance of flight—once—twice—THRICE! (*He fires. The figure waves its arm in an attitude of scorn, and a loud laugh rings out. The light disappears. Everard gropes his way to the fire, and flings on a handful of small twigs, which blaze up.*) Soul of my mother's ancestor! Be it for weal or for woe, by designing men or supernatural beings, that these ancient halls are disturbed, I am resolved to leave them on the morrow.

WILDRAKE. (*Who has wakened, and now stands up.*) I rejoice to hear it, with all my soul.

EVERARD. (*Drawing.*) Thou at least art palpable. (*He grasps Wildrake's throat.*)

WILDRAKE. Palpable? 'S death, methinks you might know that without choking me; and if you loose me not, I'll show you that two can play a game of wrestling.

EVERARD. (*Releasing him and stepping back.*) Roger Wildrake!

WILDRAKE. Roger Wildrake? ay truly. Did you take me for Roger Bacon, come to help you to raise the devil?—for the place smells of sulphur consumedly.

EVERARD. It is the pistol I fired. Did you hear it?"

WILDRAKE. Why, yes, it was the first thing waked me;



for that night-cap which I pulled on made me sleep like a dormouse. Ha—yaw! I have quaffed the very elixir of malt.

EVERARD. And some opiate besides, I should think.

WILDRAKE. Very like, very like. But what are you about to do next?

EVERARD. Nothing.

WILDRAKE. Nothing?

EVERARD. I speak it less for your information than for that of others who may hear me, that I will leave the Lodge this morning, and, if it is possible, remove the Commissioners. (*There is a faint sound of clapping.*)

WILDRAKE. Hark, do you not hear some noise, like the distant sound of applause in a theatre? The goblins of the place rejoice in your departure.

CURTAIN.

### ACT III. SCENE I

*The Parlour of Woodstock two days later. The table is still covered with the remains of the meal which SIR HENRY and ALICE have just finished. JOCELINE and PHOEBE in attendance. JOCELINE fills a great tankard with ale and hands it to his master.*

LEE. (*Rising.*) A health to King Charles! drink it, my love, though it be rebel ale which they have left us. I will pledge thee; for the toast will excuse the liquor, had Noll himself brewed it. (*He hands the cup to Alice. Alice takes a sip, and returns the tankard to Sir Henry.*) I will not say blessing on their hearts (*drinks*) though I must own they drink good ale.

JOCELINE. No wonder, sir; they come lightly by the malt, and need not spare it.

LEE. Sayest thou? thou shalt finish the tankard thyself for that very jest's sake.

(*He hands the tankard to Joceline, who bows, and nearly finishes it, then hands it to Phoebe, who curtsies and*

*drains it. Joceline whistles to the dog Bevis, and goes out, followed by Phoebe. Alice gets some needlework, and the knight sits in his chair musing. The light fades. A figure appears at the window. Alice looks up, screams to awaken her father, and snatches up a pistol. The knight rises to his feet and draws his sword. The figure disappears, and there are sounds of Bevis holding him outside.)*

LEE. Hold fast, but worry not. Alice, thou art queen of wenches! Stand fast here till I run down and secure the rascal.

ALICE. For God's sake, no, my dearest father! Joceline will be here immediately. Hark! I hear him. (*Sounds of scuffle below: the knight opens the window and leans out.*)

ROCHECLIFFE. (*Outside.*) Here, Lee—Forester—take the dog off, else I must shoot him.

LEE. If thou dost, I blow thy brains out on the spot.—Thieves, Joceline, thieves! Come up and secure this ruffian—Bevis, hold on!

JOCELINE. (*Outside.*) Back, Bevis, down, sir! I am coming, I am coming Sir Henry! Saint Michael, I shall go distracted!

ROCHECLIFFE. (*Outside.*) All is quiet now. I will up and prepare the way for you.

*(The casement opens, and a figure steps into the room. The knight makes a pass, and the figure falls to the ground. Joceline follows through the casement.)*

JOCELINE. Lord in Heaven! He has slain his own son.

ALBERT LEE. (*Rising.*) No, no, I tell you no. I am not hurt. No noise, on your lives. Get lights instantly.

JOCELINE. Silence, as you would long live on earth, be silent for a few minutes—all our lives depend on it. (*He fetches lights, and Sir Henry is seen in a chair insensible.*)

ALICE. Oh, brother, how could you come in this manner?

ALBERT. Ask no questions—good God! for what am

I reserved ! Was my life spared, only to witness such a sight as this ?

*(Enter Rochecliffe by the door : he attends to Sir Henry.)*

ROCHECLIFFE. Get water, instantly. *(Alice goes from the room, and returns at once.)* It is but a swoon, a swoon produced from the instant and unexpected shock. Rouse thee up, Albert ; I promise thee it will be nothing save a syncope ; a cup, my dearest Alice, and a ribbon or a bandage, I must take some blood. Some aromatics, too, if they can be had, my good Alice. *(He busies himself ; the old man sighs, and opens his eyes. Albert Lee kneels and kisses Rochecliffe's hand.)* Rise foolish youth. Kneel to heaven, not to the feeblest of its agents. You have been saved once again from great danger. Begone, you and Joceline. Down, down to the wilderness, and bring in your attendant.

ALBERT. Thanks, thanks, a thousand times.

*(Exit through the window.)*

ALICE. *(To Rochecliffe.)* Good doctor, answer me but one question—was my brother Albert here just now, or have I dreamed all that has happened for these ten minutes past ? That horrible thrust, the death-like corpse-like old man, that soldier in mute despair ! I must indeed have dreamed.

ROCHECLIFFE. If you have dreamed, my sweet Alice, I wish every sick nurse had your property, since you have been attending to our patient better during your sleep than most can do when they are awake. Albert has really been here, and will be here again.

LEE. Albert ! who names my son ?

ROCHECLIFFE. It is I, my kind patron ; permit me to bind up your arm.

LEE. My wound ? with all my heart, doctor. I knew of old thou wert body-curer as well as soul-curer. But where is the rascal I killed ? I never made a fairer thrust

in my life. The shell of my rapier struck against his ribs. So dead he must be, or my right hand has forgot its cunning.

ROCHECLIFFE. Nobody was slain ; we must thank God for that, since there were none but friend to slay. Your son, though hunted pretty close, hath made his way from Worcester hither, where, with Joceline's assistance, we will care well enough for his safety. It was even for this reason ~~that~~ I pressed you to accept your nephew's proposal to return to the old Lodge, where a hundred men might be concealed. Never such a place for hide-and-seek as Woodstock.

LEE. But, my son, my son, shall I not then instantly see him ? And wherefore did you not forewarn me of this joyful event ?

ROCHECLIFFE. Because I was uncertain of his motions, and rather thought he was bound for the seaside, and that it would be best to tell you when he was safe in France.

LEE. In good sooth, you acted simply ; but all this is nothing to my son Albert. Where is he ? Let me see him.

ROCHECLIFFE. But, Sir Henry, wait till your restored strength—

LEE. Plague of my restored strength, man ! Dost not remember that I lay on Edgehill field all night, bleeding like a bullock from five separate wounds ?

ROCHECLIFFE. Nay, if you feel so courageous, I will fetch your son—he is not far distant.

*(Exit. After a few minutes, enter Albert Lee. He embraces his father and his sister.)*

LEE. So you have seen the last of our battles, Albert, and the King's colours have fallen for ever before the rebels ?

ALBERT. It is but even so. The last cast of the die was thrown and alas ! lost at Worcester ; and Cromwell's fortune carried it there, as it has wherever he has shown himself.

LEE. Well, it can be but for a time. The devil is potent, they say, in raising and gratifying favourites; but he can grant but short leases. And the King—the King, Albert—the King—in my ear, close, close!

ALBERT. Our last news were confident that he had escaped from Bristol.

LEE. Thank God for that! Where didst thou leave him?

ALBERT. Our men were almost all cut to pieces at the bridge; but I followed His Majesty, with about five hundred others, until, as our numbers drew the whole pursuit after us, it pleased His Majesty to dismiss us with many thanks and words of comfort. He sent his royal greeting to you, sir, in particular.

LEE. Old Victor Lee will look down with pride on thee, Albert! But I forget—you must be weary and hungry. Joceline! what ho, Joceline! (*Enter Joceline.*) My son and Dr. Rochecliffe are half starving.

JOCELINE. And there is a lad, too, below, a page, he says, of Colonel Albert's, whose belly rings cupboard too, for he has devoured a whole loaf of bread and butter as fast as Phoebe could cut it. And then he is impatient, and is saucy among the women.

LEE. Whom is it he talks of? what page hast thou got, Albert, that bears himself so ill?

ALBERT. The son of a dear friend, a noble lord of Scotland, who followed the great Montrose's banner, afterwards joined the King in Scotland, and came with him as far as Worcester. He was wounded the day before the battle, and conjured me to take this youth under my charge.

LEE. Fetch the youth in—he is of noble blood, and these are no times of ceremony.

ALBERT. You will excuse his national drawling accent, sir, though I know you like it, not?

LEE. I have small cause. Who strengthened the hands of Parliament when their cause was wellnigh ruined?

The Scots. Who delivered up the King, their countryman, who had flung himself on their protection? The Scots again.

ALBERT. Though the lad is uncouth and wayward, yet he fought stoutly in the King's defence. I marvel he comes not.

JOCELINE. He hath taken the bath, and nothing less would serve than that he should have it immediately. And he commands all about him as if he were in his father's old castle.

LEE. Indeed? This must be a forward chick, to crow so early. What is his name?

ALBERT. His name? It escapes me every hour, it is so hard a one. Kerneguy is his name, Louis Kerneguy; his father was Lord Killstewers, of Kincardineshire.

LEE. Kerneguy, and Killstewers and Kin—what d'ye call it? Truly these northern men's names and titles smack of their origin—

ROCHECLIFFE. Peace, here comes Master Louis.

*(Enter Louis Kerneguy, dressed in a dilapidated green jerkin, huge shoes, and leathern breeches. Joceline puts ale and tankards on the table. Kerneguy takes up a tankard full of ale.)*

LOUIS. Here is wussing all your vera gude healths. *(Drinks.)*

LEE. Fill our glasses, Joceline, and if the devil or the whole Parliament were within hearing, let them hear Henry Lee of Ditchley drink a health to King Charles, and confusion to his enemies.

VOICE. *(Behind the door.)* Amen!

*(The company start, and look at each other in astonishment. There is a sound of tapping in a peculiar manner.)*

ALBERT. There is no danger; it is a friend; yet I wish he had been at a greater distance just now.

LEE. And why, my son, should you wish the absence of one true man? Go, Joceline, see who knocks; and if a safe man, admit him.

JOCELINE. And if otherwise, methinks I shall be able to prevent his troubling the company.

ALBERT. No violence, Joceline, on your life!

ALICE. For God's sake, no violence.

LEE. No unnecessary violence, at least; for if the times demand it, I will have it seen that I am master of my own house.

*(Re-enter Joceline with Wildrake.)*

WILDRAKE. Save you, gentlemen, save you. Save you, good Sir Henry Lee, though I have scarce the honour to be known to you. Save you, worthy doctor, and a speedy resurrection to the fallen Church of England.

LEE. You are welcome, sir, if you have fought or suffered for the King. But I think I saw you in waiting upon Master Markham Everard, who calls himself Colonel. If your message is from him, you may wish to see me in private?

WILDRAKE. You talk of fighting and suffering, Sir Henry. My name is Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea-mere, Lincoln; not that you are like ever to have heard it before; but I was captain in Lunsford's light horse, and afterwards with Goring.

LEE. I have heard of your regiment's exploits, sir. I beg to drink your health, Captain Wildrake.

WILDRAKE. Sir Henry, I drink yours in this pint bumper; and I would do as much for that young gentleman (*looking at Albert*), and the squire of the green cassock—holding it for green, as the colours are not to my eyes altogether clear.

ALBERT. Captain Wildrake, you, who are so old a sufferer, must know that at such casual meetings, men do not mention their names unless they are specially wanted. It is a point of conscience to be able to say, if Captain

Everard, or Colonel Everard, if he be a colonel, should examine you on oath, 'I did not know who the persons were.'

WILDRAKE. Oh, sir, with all my heart. I intrude on no man's confidence. (*Sings.*)

Then let the health go round, a-round, a-round, a-round,

Then let the health go round :

For though your stocking be of silk,

Your knee shall kiss the ground, a-ground, a-ground,  
a-ground,

Your knee shall kiss the ground.

LEE. (*To Albert, who seems about to remonstrate.*) Master Wildrake is one of the old school—the tantivy boys<sup>1</sup>; and we must bear a little, for if they drink hard they fought well. I will never forget how a party came up and rescued us clerks of Oxford, as they called the regiment I belonged to, out of a cursed embroglio—— (*Left speaking.*)

CURTAIN.

### ACT III. SCENE II

*A \*portion of the Garden at Woodstock.* SIR HENRY LEE, LOUIS KERNEGUY, and ALICE in good humour, while ALBERT LEE looks worried and ill at ease.

LOUIS. (*Rising and leaning on Albert's chair.*) Either my good friend, guide, and patron has heard worse news this morning than he cares to tell, or he must have stumbled over my tattered jerkin and leathern hose, and acquired, by contact, the whole mass of stupidity which I threw off last night with those most dolorous garments. Cheer up, my dear Colonel Albert, if your affectionate page may presume to say so. Oddsfish, man, cheer up! I have seen you gay on a biscuit and a mouthful of watercress; don't let your heart fail you on Rhenish wine and venison.

ALBERT. (*Rousing himself.*) Dear Louis, I have slept worse and been astir earlier than you.

<sup>1</sup> A nickname for the Royalists.



LEE. Be it so; yet I hold it no good excuse for your sullen silence. Albert, you have met your sister and me, so long anxious on your behalf, almost like mere strangers, and yet you are returned safe to us, and you find us well.

ALBERT. Returned indeed—but for safety, my dear father, that word must be a stranger to us Worcester folk for some time. However, it is not my own safety about which I am anxious.

LEE. About whose, then, should you be anxious? All accounts agree that the King is safe out of the dogs' jaws.

LOUIS. Not without some danger though, (*aside*) for Bevis pinned me fast last night!

LEE. No, not without danger, indeed; but all news affirm that our Hope and Fortune is escaped from Bristol. For the rest, know that I have lurked a month in this house when discovery would have been death, and that was after Buckingham's rising; and hang me if I thought once of twisting my brow into such a tragic fold as yours.

LOUIS. If I might put in a word, it would be to assure Colonel Albert Lee that I verily believe the King would think his own hap much the worse that his best subjects were seized with dejection on his account.

LEE. You answer boldly on the King's part, young man!

LOUIS. (*Remembering.*) Oh, my father was meikle<sup>1</sup> about the King's hand.

LEE. Well, then, since thy father was a courtier, tell us a little about him we love most to hear about, the King.

LOUIS. (*After a short pause.*) I really cannot presume to speak on such a subject in the presence of my patron, who must be a much better judge of the character of King Charles than I can pretend to be.

ALBERT. I will speak but according to facts, and then must I be acquitted of partiality. If the King had not possessed enterprise and military skill, he never would have attempted

<sup>1</sup> meikle : much.

the Worcester expedition ; had he not had personal courage, he had not so long disputed the battle that Cromwell almost judged it lost ; that he possesses prudence and patience must be argued from the circumstances attending his flight ; and that he has the love of his subjects is evident, since he has been betrayed by no one.

ALICE. For shame, Albert ! Is that the way a good Cavalier doles out the character of his Prince, applying an instance at every concession like a pedlar measuring linen with his rod ? Out upon you ! no wonder, you were beaten, if you fought as coldly for your King as you now talk for him.

ALBERT. I did my best to trace a likeness from what I have seen and known of the original, sister. If you would have a fancy portrait, you must get an artist of more imagination than I have.

ALICE. I will be that artist myself, and in *my* portrait our Monarch shall show all that I am sure he is, and that every loyal heart in the kingdom ought to believe him.

LEE. Well said, Alice. I wager my best nag—that is, I would wager him had I one left—that Alice proves the better painter of the two. Here is our young friend shall judge. (*Louis moves back out of the group.*)

ALICE. He shall have all the chivalrous courage, all the warlike skill of Henry of France, his grandfather ; all his benevolence, love of his people, sacrifice of his own wishes and pleasures to the commonweal, that he may be blest while living, and so long remembered when dead that for ages it shall be thought sacrilege to breathe an aspersion against the throne he has occupied.

LOUIS. (*Coming forward.*) Every Cavalier should bend his knee to Mistress Alice Lee for having made such a flattering portrait of the King ; but why should not the son of Henrietta Maria, the finest woman of her day, have a handsome face to add to his internal qualities ?

ALICE. I am no fairy queen, Master Kerneguy, to bestow gifts which providence has denied. I am woman enough to have made inquiries, and I know the general report is that the King is unusually hard-featured.

ALBERT. (*Starting up impatiently.*) Good heavens! Sister!

ALICE. Why, you yourself told me so (*Louis breaks into a smile*), and you said—

ALBERT. This is intolerable. I must go to speak with Joceline without delay. Louis (*turning an imploring look at him*), you will surely come with me?

LOUIS. (*Still smiling.*) I would with all my heart, but you see how I suffer still from lameness. (*Resisting, apart to Albert.*) Nay, nay, Albert, can you suppose I am fool enough to be hurt by this? On the contrary I have a desire of profiting by it.

ALBERT. May God grant it! It will be the first lecture you ever profited by. (*Exit.*)

LEE. I see this is about the time when, as Will says, the household affairs will call my daughter hence. I will therefore challenge you, young gentleman, to stretch your limbs in a little exercise with me, either at single rapier, backsword, or—

LOUIS. That would be a high distinction for a poor page, and I hope to enjoy so great an honour before I leave Woodstock; but at present my lameness continues to give me so much pain that I should be unwilling to attempt it.

LEE. I will then, to amuse you, read a play of Shakespeare. You will excuse me a moment while I fetch the book. (*Exit in company with Alice.*)

LOUIS. (*Musing.*) What an infliction—to fence with a gouty old man! or as a change of misery, to hear him read one of those wildernesses of scenes, which the English call a play—from ‘Enter the first’ to the final ‘Exeunt Omnes’—an unparalleled horror, a penance which would

have added dullness even to Woodstock ! I must away ere he returns.

*(Louis moves across the open space in front of the Lodge, towards the wood. Enter to him Everard.)*

EVERARD. Hullo ! Stand, there ! *(He walks to Louis and lays his cane across the latter's shoulders. Louis stands still wrapped in his cloak.)* Joceline Joliffe, is it not ? if I know not, Joceline Joliffe, I should at least know my own cloak !

LOUIS. I am not Joceline Joliffe, as you may see, sir. *(He drops his cloak.)*

EVERARD. Indeed ! Then, Sir Unknown, I have to express my regret at having used my cane in intimating that I wished you to stop. From that dress, which I certainly recognize for my own, I concluded you must be Joceline, in whose custody I had left my habit at the Lodge.

LOUIS. If it had been Joceline, sir, methinks you should not have struck so hard. *(He turns to go, but Everard bars his progress.)* Sir, you have already been guilty of one piece of impertinence towards me. You have apologized, and knowing no reason why you should be uncivil towards me, I accepted your excuse without scruple ; but I let you know that I will not suffer myself to be dogged in my private walks by any one.

EVERARD. When I recognize my own cloak on another man's shoulder, methinks I have a natural right to follow and see what becomes of it. If therefore we are to be friends, I must ask how you came by that cloak.

LOUIS. If you mean to arrest me, you must do so here and at your peril, for I will not permit you to dog my steps. If you let me pass, I will thank you ; if not, take to your weapon.

EVERARD. My religion forbids me to be rash in shedding blood.

LOUIS. If your religion, sir, prevents you from giving satisfaction, it should prevent you from offering insult to

a person of honour. Draw, sir! (*They both draw their swords.*)

(*Re-enter Sir Henry Lee.*)

LEE. Return your weapons, gentlemen, on the spot, one and both of you. Nephew, if you do not mean to alienate me for ever, I command you to put up. Master Kerneguy, you are my guest. I request of you not to do me the insult of remaining with your sword drawn when it is my duty to see peace preserved.

LOUIS. I obey you, Sir Henry. (*Sheathes his rapier.*) I hardly know wherefore I was assaulted by this gentleman.

EVERARD. We may find a place to meet, sir, where neither the royal person nor privileges can be offended.

LOUIS. (*Smiling.*) Faith, very hardly, sir; I mean, the King has so few followers that the loss of the least of them might be some small damage to him. But risking all that, I will meet you wherever there is fair field for a poor Cavalier to get off safely if he has luck in fight. (*Bows, exit.*)

EVERARD. I must find Wildrake. This must be settled out of hand, and he will be the fittest to be my second, and carry my defiance. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

### ACT III. SCENE III

*A spot in the forest surrounding Woodstock. WILDRAKE in full Cavalier dress, walking idly up and down. To him enter DR. ROCHECLIFFE, muffled in a cloak; he bows to the Cavalier.*

WILDRAKE. (*Pulling off his hat.*) Master Louis Kerneguy? But no, I beg your pardon, sir—fatter, shorter, older. Master Kerneguy's friend, I suppose. Why should we not have a bout before our principals arrive? Just a snack to stay the orifice of the stomach, till dinner is served, sir? What say you?

ROCHECLIFFE. To open the orifice of the stomach, more likely.

WILDRAKE. True, sir, you say well—that is as thereafter may be. I'll get into my gears, first, to encourage you. (*He undoes his cloak.*) Off—off, ye lendings—borrowings I should more properly call you. (*Throws down cloak.*) Come sir! make haste, off with your slough. (*The doctor throws off his cloak.*) Tush! 'tis but the parson, after all. But, I am happy to have met you. They are raving for you at the Lodge—something very urgent. For Heaven's sake, make haste.

ROCHECLIFFE. At the Lodge? Why, I left the Lodge but this instant.

WILDRAKE. Well, it is at Woodstock they need you. Rat it, did I say the Lodge? No, no, Woodstock. Mine host cannot be hanged, his daughter married, without the assistance of a *real* clergyman.

ROCHECLIFFE. You will pardon me, Master Wildrake, I wait for Master Louis Kerneguy.

WILDRAKE. The devil you do! You know the purpose of our meeting, Doctor. Do you come as a ghostly comforter, or as a surgeon perhaps—or do you ever take bilboa in hand—eh?

ROCHECLIFFE. Sir, you are untimely in your importunity. If time served, and it were worth my while, I would chastise you. (*He raises his cane.*)

WILDRAKE. Nay, Doctor, if you wield your weapon backword fashion, and raise it as high as your head, I shall be through you in a twinkling.

(*He makes a pass with his sheathed rapier, which is knocked from his hand by a sudden stroke from Dr. Rochecliffe.*)

(*Enter, from opposite sides, Everard and Kerneguy.*)

EVERARD. (*Angrily to Wildrake.*) Is this your friendship? In Heaven's name, what make you in that fool's jacket and

playing the pranks of a jack-pudding<sup>1</sup>? (*Wildrake shamefacedly goes to pick up his sword.*)

LOUIS. What! Dr. Rochecliffe become literally one of the church militant and tilting with my friend Cavalier Wildrake? May I use the freedom to ask him to withdraw?

ROCHECLIFFE. (*With dignity.*) I have business, which prevents me from complying with your wishes.

LOUIS. (*Bowing to Everard.*) Excuse this untimely interruption, which I will immediately put an end to. (*Everard bows.*) Are you mad, Dr. Rochecliffe? or are you deaf? or have you forgotten your mother tongue? I desired you to leave this place.

ROCHECLIFFE. (*Firmly.*) I am not mad; I would prevent others from being so. I have come here to speak the language of the Master of kings and princes.

LOUIS. To fence with broomsticks, I should rather suppose. Come, Dr. Rochecliffe, this sudden fit of assumed importance befits you little. You are a Church of England man, subject (*lowering his voice*) to its HEAD.

ROCHECLIFFE. Bethink yourself; I can say one word which will prevent all this.

LOUIS. Do it; and in doing so belie the whole tenor and actions of an honourable life—by preventing another person from discharging his duty as a gentleman. (*Enter Alice Lee, as Everard and Louis are drawing their rapiers.*)

ALICE. (*Stepping between them.*) Master Everard, Master Kerneguy, you are surprised to see me here. Master Kerneguy, have my wishes, have your noble thoughts, therecollections of your own high duties, no weight with you?

LOUIS. (*Sheathing his sword.*) I am obedient as an Eastern slave, madam; but I assure you the matter will be much better settled between Colonel Everard and myself in five minutes, than with the assistance of the Church

<sup>1</sup> buffoon.

militant and a female parliament. Master Everard, will you oblige me by walking a little further ?

EVERARD. I am ready to attend you, sir.

ALICE (*to Louis.*) I have then no interest with you, sir. Do you not fear that I should use the secret in my power to prevent this affair going further ? Think you this gentleman would raise his hand against you if he knew—— (*Turning to Everard who is looking down.*)\* You were wont to be temperate in passion and forgiving—will you, for a mere punctilio, drive on this private and unchristian broil to a murderous extremity ? Believe me, if you *now*, contrary to all the better principles of your life, give the reins to your passion, the consequences may be such as you will rue for your lifetime.

EVERARD. (*Lifting his eyes.*) Alice, you are a soldier's daughter, a soldier's sister. All your relations, even including one whom you then entertained some regard for, have been made soldiers by these unhappy discords. Answer me, and your answer shall decide my conduct. Is this youth, so short while known, already of more value to you than father, brother, kinsman, whose departure to battle you saw with comparative indifference ? Say *this*, and it shall be enough.

ALICE. Believe me when I say that, if I answer your question in the affirmative, it is because Master Kerneguy's safety comprehends more, much more, than that of any of those you have mentioned.

EVERARD. Indeed ! I did not know that even the son of a lord was so superior to a private gentleman ! Yet I have heard that many women think so.

ALICE. You apprehend me amiss. Markham, have compassion on me ! Press me not at this moment ; believe me, the honour and happiness of my whole family are interested in Master Kerneguy's safety.

EVERARD. Put your answer, which seems so painful, in



one word, and say for *whose* safety, his or mine, it is you are thus deeply interested.

ALICE. For both—for both.

EVERARD. That answer will not serve, Alice ; here is no room for equality. I must and will know to what I have to trust. I understand not the paltering which makes a maiden unwilling to decide between two suitors.

ALICE. (*With a flash of hauteur.*) If I am thus misinterpreted, hear my declaration and my assurance that, strange as my words may seem, they are such as do you no wrong. I tell you, and I tell this gentleman himself, who well knows the sense in which I speak, that his life and safety are, or ought to be, of more value to me than those of any other man in the kingdom. (*Louis bows.*)

EVERARD. (*Extremely agitated, advancing to Louis.*) Sir ! you heard the lady's declaration, with such feelings, doubtless, of gratitude, as the case eminently demands. As her poor kinsman, and an unworthy suitor, sir, I presume to yield my interest in her to you ; and as I will never be the means of giving her pain, I trust you will not think me acting unworthily in retracting the letter which gave you the trouble of attending this place at this hour. Alice, farewell, Alice, at once and for ever.

(*Alice falls, and is caught by Rochecliffe. Louis is looking on, as doubtful what course to pursue, till Everard turns to go.*)

LOUIS. Oddfish ! this must not be. (*He walks after Everard and taps him on the shoulder.*) One word with you, sir.

EVERARD. At your pleasure, sir ! (*He lays hand on his rapier.*)

LOUIS. Pshaw ! That cannot be *now*. Colonel Everard, I am CHARLES STEWART !

EVERARD. (*Recoiling with surprise.*) Impossible ! That cannot be ! The King of Scots has escaped from Bristol.

CHARLES. The King of Scots, Master Everard, since you

are so pleased to limit his sovereignty—at any rate the Eldest Son of the late Sovereign of Britain—is now before you! therefore it is impossible that he could have escaped from Bristol. Dr. Rochecliffe shall be my voucher.

ROCHECLIFFE. (*Leaving Alice to Wildrake and coming forward.*) Sire, Sire!

CHARLES. Peace, Dr. Rochecliffe. We are in the hands, I am satisfied, of a man of honour. Master Everard must be pleased in finding only a fugitive prince in the person who, he thought, was a successful rival. He cannot but be aware of the feelings which prevented me from taking advantage of the young lady's devoted loyalty, at the risk of her happiness. At any rate, the avowal is made, and it is for Colonel Everard to consider how he is to conduct himself.

WILDRAKE. (*Falling on one knee.*) Oh, your Majesty! my Liege! my King! my royal Prince! If my dear friend Mark Everard should prove a dog on this occasion, rely on me I will cut his throat on the spot.

CHARLES. Hush, hush, my good friend and loyal subject, and compose yourself.

EVERARD. (*As if waking from a dream.*) Sire (*bowing low*), if I do not offer you the homage of a subject with knee and sword, it is because God, by whom kings reign, has denied you for the present the power of ascending your throne without rekindling civil war. For your safety being endangered by me, let not such an imagination for an instant cross your mind. Had I no respect for your person, were I not bound to you for your candour, your misfortunes would have rendered your person sacred.

CHARLES. I need not bid you any longer be jealous of me, Colonel Everard: the happiness of Mistress Alice I see depends on you, and I trust you will be the careful guardian of it. If we can take any obstacle out of the way of your joint happiness be assured we will use our influence. (*To Rochecliffe.*) Doctor, I think there will be no further tilting to-day,

either with sword or cane ; so we may as well return to the Lodge, leaving these, who may have more to say in explanation.

ALICE. No—no ! My cousin Everard and I have nothing to explain ; he will forgive me for having riddled with him, when I dared not speak plainly ; and I forgive him for having read my riddle wrong. (*Exeunt Charles, Alice, and Rochecliffe.*)

WILDRAKE. (*Running after Charles.*) But has your Majesty—craving your pardon—no commands for poor Hodge Wildrake ?

CURTAIN.

#### ACT IV. SCENE I

MARKHAM EVERARD'S lodging in Woodstock. EVERARD, WILDRAKE, and HOLDENOUGH are seated by the fire, and are being waited on by a gipsy-looking boy. A knocking at the door, followed by a heavy tramping up the stairs. Enter CROMWELL.

CROMWELL. Markham Everard ! I greet thee in God's name. (*He uncloaks himself. Wildrake slips out, and almost immediately returns.*) A reverend gentleman is with thee, I see. Thou art not one of those, good Markham, who let the time unnoted and unimproved pass away. But how is this ? one hath left the room since I entered.

WILDRAKE. (*Stepping forward.*) Not so, sir ; I stood but in the background out of respect. Noble general, I hope all is well, that your Excellency makes us so late a visit ? Would you not choose some—

CROMWELL. Ah ! (*He looks fixedly at him.*) Our trusty go-between, our faithful confidant. No, sir ; at present I desire nothing more than a kind reception, which, methinks, my friend Markham Everard is in no hurry to give me.

EVERARD. You bring your own welcome, my lord ; I can only trust it was no bad news that made your Excellency a late traveller, and ask what refreshment I shall command for your accommodation.

CROMWELL. The State is sound and healthy, Colonel Everard, and yet the less so, that many of its members who have hitherto been advancers of the public weal, have now waxed cold in their love for the Good Cause ; and because some look back after putting their hand to the plough, therefore our force is waxed dim.

HOLDENOUGH. Pardon me, sir, for unto this I have a warrant to speak. You speak you know not what. Can light come out of darkness ? or truth from a false messenger ?

CROMWELL. Lack-a-day ! a learned man, but intemperate. (*Enter Pearson.*) Pearson, is he come ?

PEARSON. No, sir. We have inquired for him at the place you noted.

CROMWELL. False messengers, said the reverend man ? Ay, truly, the world is full of such. One who knoweth where the foe of your house, and enemy of your person, lies hidden, shall, instead of telling his master thereof, carry tidings to the enemy even where he lurketh, saying : ' Lo ! my master knoweth of your secret abode ; up now, and fly.' But shall this go without punishment ? (*He looks at Wildrake.*) Now, as my soul liveth, and as He liveth Who made me a ruler in Israel, such false messengers shall be knitted to gibbets on the way-side.

HOLDENOUGH. But I say that the matter is estranged from what I was wishful to say ; for the false messengers of whom I spake are——

CROMWELL. Right, excellent sir, they be those of our own house. Ah ! Markham Everard ! Markham Everard !

EVERARD. Your Excellency seems to have something in your mind in which I am concerned. May I request that you will speak it out, that I may know what I am accused of ?

CROMWELL. Ah, Mark, Mark, there needeth no accuser

speak, when the still small voice speaks within us. Is there not moisture on thy brow, Mark Everard ?

EVERARD. (*Proudly.*) I have never said anything to your Excellency that was in the least undeserving the title of brother and friend you have assigned to me.

CROMWELL. Nay, nay, Markham, I say not you have. But you ought to have remembered the message I sent you by that person (*pointing to Wildrake*), and you must reconcile it with your conscience how, having such a message, you could think yourself at liberty to expel my friends from Woodstock, being determined to disappoint my object.

WILDRAKE. (*Stepping forward.*) You are mistaken, Master Cromwell, and address yourself to the wrong party here.

CROMWELL. This to me, fellow ! Know you to whom you speak ?

WILDRAKE. Fellow ! No fellow of yours, Master Oliver. I have known the day when Roger Wildrake of Squattleseamere, Lincoln, with a good estate, would have been thought no fellow of the bankrupt brewer of Huntington.

EVERARD. Be silent, be silent, Wildrake, if you love your life.

WILDRAKE. I care not a maravedi<sup>1</sup> for my life. Zounds, if he dislikes what I say, let him take to his tools.

CROMWELL. Such ribaldry, friend, I treat with the contempt it deserves. But if thou hast anything to say touching the matter in question, speak out like a man, though thou look'st more like a beast.

WILDRAKE. All I have to say is, that whereas you blame Everard for acting on your warrant, as you call it, I can tell you he knew not a word of the rascally conditions you talk of. I took care of that ; and you may take the vengeance on me, if you list.

CROMWELL. Slave ! dare you tell this to me ?

<sup>1</sup> *maravedi* : an old Spanish coin worth less than a farthing.

WILDRAKE. Ay, do your worst, Master Oliver ; I tell you beforehand the bird is escaped.

CROMWELL. You dare not say so. Escaped ? So ho, Pearson, tell the soldiers to mount instantly. Thou art a lying fool ! Escaped ? Where and from whence ?

WILDRAKE. Ay, that is the question which your Excellency, Master Oliver, may e'en find out for yourself ! *(He unsheaths his rapier and make'a pass at Cromwell. The rapier shivers on the General's coat-of-mail. He throws the hilt on the ground.)* Pest on the hand that forged thee ! To serve me so long, and fail me when thy true service would have honoured us both for ever !

*(Cromwell half draws a pistol, but returns it when Everard and Holdenough rush forward to secure Wildrake. Enter Pearson and two other soldiers.)*

CROMWELL. Secure that fellow ; bind him, but not too hard. He would have assassinated me, but I——

WILDRAKE. *(Interrupting.)* Assassinated ! I scorn your words, Master Oliver ; I proffered you a fair duello. *(To Everard who tries to restrain him.)* I prithee, let me alone. I am now neither thy follower, nor any man's, and I am as willing to die as ever I was to take a cup of liquor. And hark ye, speaking of that, Master Oliver, let one of your lobsters here advance yonder tankard to my lips, and your Excellency shall hear a toast, a song, and a—secret.

CROMWELL. Unloose his head, and hand him the tankard ; while he yet exists, it were shame to refuse him the element he lives in.

WILDRAKE. Blessings on your head for once ! For my toast and song, here they go together :

Son of a witch,

Mayst thou die in a ditch,

With the butchers who back thy quarrels ;

And rot above ground,

While the world shall resound

A welcome to Royal King Charles.

And now for my secret, that you may not say I had your liquor for nothing—I fancy my song will scarce pass current for much. My secret is, Master Cromwell, that the bird is flown, and your red nose will be as white as your winding-sheet before you can smell out which way.

CROMWELL. (*Contemptuously.*) Pshaw, rascal, keep your scurrile jests for the gibbet. When day comes he shall be gagged after my fashion. •

HOLDENOUGH. Is it your will that this unhappy man shall die to-morrow?

CROMWELL. (*Breaking from a reverie.*) Whom saidst thou? Markham Everard—shall he die, saidst thou?

HOLDENOUGH. God forbid! I asked whether this blinded creature, Wildrake, was to be so suddenly cut off.

CROMWELL. Ay, marry, he is.

EVERARD. For God's sake think better of what you do.

CROMWELL. Is it for thee to teach me? Think thou of thine own matters, and believe me it will require all thy wit. Ah! Everard, thou mightest put this gear to rights if thou wilt. Shall some foolish principle of fantastic punctilio have more weight with thee than has the pacification of England?

EVERARD. I do not understand your Excellency, nor at what service you point which I can honestly render. That which is dishonest I should be loath that you proposed.

CROMWELL. Thou knowest, surely, all the passages about Jezebel's palace down yonder? Let me know how they may be guarded against the escape of any from within.

EVERARD. I cannot pretend to aid you in this matter; I know not all the entrances and posterns about Woodstock; and if I did, I am not free in conscience to communicate with you on this occasion.

CROMWELL. (*Haughtily.*) We shall do without you, sir! and if aught is found which may criminate you, remember you have lost right to my protection.

EVERARD. I shall be sorry to have lost your friendship, General; but I trust my quality as an Englishman may

dispense with the necessity of protection from any man. I know no law which obliges me to be spy or informer.

CROMWELL. Well, sir, for all your privileges and qualities, I will make bold to take you down to the Lodge at Woodstock to-night. Come hither, Pearson. (Pearson *approaches*. Cromwell *spreads out a small map*.) Look here, we must move in two bodies on foot, and with all possible silence. Thou must march on the rear of the old house of iniquity with twenty file of men. I myself will occupy the front of the Lodge. Silence and dispatch is all. (To Holdenough.) Reverend sir, be pleased to accompany that officer. (To Everard.) Colonel Everard, you are to follow me; but first give your sword to Captain Pearson, and consider yourself under arrest. (Everard *hands over his sword*.)

CURTAIN.

#### ACT IV. SCENE II

*The great hall of Woodstock. SIR HENRY LEE with PHOEBE and another servant is standing in the darkness, listening to the sound of thundering knocks on the door. A pause.*

VOICE. (*Outside*.) Hullo! who is within there?

LEE. Who is it inquires, or what want you here at this dead hour?

VOICE. We come by warrant of the Commonwealth of England.

LEE. I must see your warrant ere I undo either bolt or latch. We are enough of us to make good the castle, and we will not treat save in fair daylight.

VOICE. Since you will not yield to our right, you must try our might. Look to yourselves within; the door will be in the midst of you in five minutes.

LEE. Look to yourselves without; we will pour our shot on you if you attempt the least violence. (*There are sounds of talking and of heavy bodies being moved outside*.)



PHOEBE. What can they be doing now, sir ?

LEE. They are fixing a petard. I have noted thee for a clever wench, Phoebe, and I will explain it to thee. It is a metal pot, charged with some few pounds of gunpowder. Then——

PHOEBE. Gracious ! we shall all be blown up.

LEE. Not a bit, foolish girl. The petard being formed, as I tell you—but thou findest me not !

PHOEBE. How can I, Sir Henry, within reach of such a thing as you speak of ?

LEE. They are strangely awkward at it. If we had had an engineer here, now, we might have countermined, and

'Tis sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petard,

as our immortal Shakespeare has it.

PHOEBE. O Sir, had you not better let play-books alone, and think of your end ?

LEE. If I had not made up my mind to that many days since, I had not now met this hour with a free bosom.

*(There is a violent explosion, and pieces of wood fall around. Phoebe screams and clings to Lee. Enter Cromwell, followed by soldiers.)*

CROMWELL. Death to all who resist, life to those who surrender ! Who commands this garrison ?

LEE. Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, who, having no other garrison than two weak women, is compelled to submit to what he would willingly have resisted.

CROMWELL. Disarm the inveterate and malignant rebel. Knowest thou not, sir, that to refuse to surrender an indefensible post by martial law deserves hanging ?

LEE. It is better to run the risk of being hanged, like honest men, than to give up our trust like cowards and traitors.

CROMWELL. Ha ! sayest thou ? I will speak with thee by-and-by. Ho ! Pearson, take this scroll. Take the elder woman with thee, search every room and arrest, or slay upon the slightest resistance, whomsoever you find. Use the woman civilly. (*Seating himself and turning to Lee.*) Now, old man, what household have you had here, within these few days ? what guests ? what visitors ? We know the catalogue cannot be burdensome to your memory.

LEE. Far from it. My daughter and latterly my son, have been my guests ; and I have had these females and one Joceline Joliffe to attend on us.

CROMWELL. I ask after those who have been here either as guests or as malignant fugitives taking shelter.

LEE. There have been more of both kinds, sir, than I, if it please your valour, am able to answer for. I remember my kinsman Everard was here one morning ; also, I bethink me, a follower of his called Wildrake.

CROMWELL. Did you not also receive a young Cavalier called Louis Garnegey ?

LEE. I remember no such name, were I to hang for it.

CROMWELL. Kerneguy or some such word ; we will not quarrel for a sound.

LEE. A Scotch lad, called Louis Kerneguy, was a guest of mine, and left me this morning for Dorsetshire.

CROMWELL. So late ! How fate contrives to baffle us even when she seems favourable ! What horse did he ride ? Who went with him ? (*He whispers an order to a soldier, who goes out.*)

LEE. My son went with him. He brought him here as the son of a Scottish Lord.

CROMWELL. Place the knight aside ; bring hither the damsel. (*Phoebe is brought up.*) Dost thou know of the presence of one Louis Kerneguy, calling himself a Scotch page ?

PHOEBE. Surely, sir, I cannot easily forget him.

CROMWELL. Aha ! I believe the woman will prove the truer witness. When did he leave this house ?

PHOEBE. Nay, I know nothing of his movements ; I am sure he was here two hours since.

*(Re-enter soldier.)*

SOLDIER. There are not the least signs that horses have been in the stables for a month. There is no litter in the stalls, and the mangers are full of cobwebs.

CROMWELL. *(To Sir Henry.)* That tells little for the truth of your story, that there were horses there to-day. Can a white-bearded man be a false witness ? Take him away.

LEE. *(As he is led away.)* Faith, sir, it is a thriving trade, and I wonder not that you who live on it are so severe in prosecuting interlopers. But it is the times that make greybeards deceivers. *(Exit Lee with soldiers.)*

*(Re-enter Pearson.)*

PEARSON. There is a young man come out on to the battlements of the tower.

CROMWELL. In what dress and appearance ?

PEARSON. As far as we make out in the light of a flare, a grey riding-suit, adorned with silver, russet walking-boots, a grey hat and plume, and black hair.

CROMWELL. It is he, it is he ! and another crowning mercy is vouchsafed. If the turret is guarded below, the place he has chosen will prove a rat-trap.

PEARSON. There is a cask of gunpowder in the cabinet ; were it not better, my lord, to mine the tower, and send the whole a hundred feet into the air ?

*(There are sounds of a struggle 'off' ; after some time enter two soldiers leading in Albert Lee, bound and disarmed, his clothes awry, his face dirty. Cromwell rises, and walks towards him.)*

CROMWELL. Art not thou that Egyptian, which, before these days, madest an uproar, and leddest into the wilderness many thousand men who were murderers ? I have

hunted thee from Stirling to Worcester, from Worcester to Woodstock.

ALBERT. I would that we had met where I could have shown thee the difference betwixt a rightful King and an ambitious Usurper.

CROMWELL. Go to, young man, say rather the difference between a judge raised up for the redemption of England, and the son of those kings whom the Lord in His anger permitted to reign over her. (*Examining him very closely.*) But is this—ah! whom have we here? These are not the locks of the swarthy lad, Charles Stewart. A cheat! A cheat! Who is this? Pluck the disguise from him. (*They do so. Grimly.*) Thy name, young man?

ALBERT. Albert Lee of Ditchley, a faithful servant of King Charles.

CROMWELL. I might have guessed it. Ay, and to King Charles shalt thou go as soon as it is noon on the dial. Pearson, let him be added to the others, and let them be executed to-morrow at twelve exactly.

FEARSON. (*In surprise.*) All, sir?

CROMWELL. *All.* Yes, young sir, your conduct has devoted to death thy father, thy kinsman, and the stranger that was in thy household. Such wreck hast thou brought on thy father's house.

ALBERT. My father too, my aged father! The Lord's will be done!

CROMWELL. All this havoc can be saved, if thou wilt answer one question—where is Charles Stewart?

ALBERT. (*Firmly.*) Under Heaven's protection, safe from thy power.

CROMWELL. Away with him to prison.

ALBERT. (*As they lead him away.*) One word.

CROMWELL. Stop, stop, let him be heard.

ALBERT. You love texts of Scripture. Let this be the subject of your next homily—'Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?'

CROMWELL. Away with him ! let him die ! I have said it. (*Exeunt soldiers with Albert Lee. Cromwell sinks into a chair.*)

PEARSON. Your Excellency is overtoiled in the public service. Now the old knight hath a noble hound here ; if we can but get him to hunt without his master——

CROMWELL. Hang him up !

PEARSON. What—whom—hang the noble dog ? Your Excellency was wont to love a good hound.

CROMWELL. It matters not ; let him be killed. Is it not written that they slew not only the accursed Achan, but also his oxen and his asses. Even thus shall we do to the malignant family of Lee, who have aided Sisera in his flight. But send out couriers and patrols. Follow, pursue in every direction. Let my horse be ready at the door in five minutes.

CURTAIN.

#### ACT IV. SCENE III

(*The next day, 5 p.m.*)

CROMWELL'S *sleeping apartment.* Enter ZERUBBABEL ROBINS, a soldier, with CROMWELL'S dinner, followed by CAPTAIN

PEARSON.

ROBINS. Arise, thou that art called to be a judge in Israel. Let there be no more folding of the hands to sleep. Lo, I come as a sign to thee ; wherefore arise, eat, drink, and let thy heart be glad within thee.

CROMWELL. (*Rising.*) Verily thou hast chosen well for my refreshment, and the smell of the food is savoury in my nostrils. (*To Pearson.*) You may speak openly in the presence of a worthy soldier, whose spirit is as my spirit. (*He seats himself and begins to eat.*)

ROBINS. Nay, but you are to know that Gilbert Pearson hath not fully executed thy commands touching a part of those malignants, all of whom should have died at noon.

CROMWELL. What execution? What malignants? (*He lays down his knife and fork.*)

ROBINS. Those in the prison here at Woodstock, whom your Excellency commanded should be executed at noon, as taken in the fact of rebellion against the Commonwealth.

CROMWELL. (*Starting up.*) Wretch! thou hast not touched Mark Evérard, in whom there was no guilt, for he was deceived by him who passed between us?

PEARSON. If your Excellency wish him to live, he lives; his life and death are in the power of a word. Rochecliffe, the arch-plotter, I thought to have executed, but——

CROMWELL. Barbarous man; this doctor is but a shallow well. But you look at each other darkly, as if you had more to say than you durst. I trust you have not done to death Sir Henry Lee?

PEARSON. No. Yet the man is a confirmed malignant, and——

CROMWELL. Ay, but he is also a noble relic of the ancient English gentleman. I would I knew how to win the favour of that race. (*Pause.*) But we, Pearson, whose royal robes are the armour which we wear, are too newly set up to draw the respect of the proud malignants. Yet what can they see in the longest kingly line, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?—— Well, Sir Henry Lee lives, and shall live for me. His son, indeed, hath deserved the death which he has doubtless sustained.

PEARSON. (*Stammering.*) My Lord, since your Excellency has found I was right in suspending your order in so many instances, I trust you will not blame me in this also. I thought it best to await more special orders.

CROMWELL. (*Not entirely satisfied.*) Thou art in a mighty merciful humour this evening, Pearson.

PEARSON. If your Excellency pleases, the halter is ready, and so is the provost-marshal.

CROMWELL. Nay, if such a bloody fellow as thou hast

spared him, it would ill become me to destroy him. But, then, here is among Rocheclyffe's papers the engagement of twenty desperadoes to take us off; some example ought to be made.

ROBINS. My lord, consider how often this young man Albert Lee hath been near you in the dark passages which he knew and we did not. Had he been of an assassin's nature, it would have cost him but a pistol-shot——

CROMWELL. Enough, Zerubbabel, he lives. He shall remain in custody for some time, however, and be then banished from England. The other two are safe, of course; you would not dream of considering such paltry fellows as fit victims for my revenge?

PEARSON. One fellow, the underkeeper, called Joliffe, deserves death however, since he has frankly confessed that he slew honest Joseph Tomkins.

CROMWELL. Man, man, he is nothing!

PEARSON. There remains the sacrilegious and graceless cavalier, who attempted your Excellency's life last night.

CROMWELL. Nay, that were stooping too low for revenge.

PEARSON. Yet, sir, the fellow should be punished as a libeller. The quantity of foul abuse found in his pocket! Please to look at these, sir. (*He hands papers to Cromwell.*)

CROMWELL. A most vile hand. The very handwriting seems drunk, and the very poetry not sober. What have we here? (*Reads.*)

When I was a lad,

My fortune was bad——

If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.

Why, what trash is this?—then again—(*Reads.*)

Now a plague on the poll

Of old politic Noll!

We will drink till we bring

In triumph back the King.

In truth, if it could be done that way, this poet would

be a stout champion. Give the poor knave five pieces, Pearson, and bid him go and sell his ballads. If he come within twenty miles of our person, though, we will have him flogged.

PEARSON. There remains only one sentenced person, a noble wolf-hound, finer than any your Excellency saw in Ireland. He belongs to the old knight, Sir Henry Lee.

CROMWELL. The old man, so faithful himself, shall not be deprived of his faithful dog. I would *I* had any creature, were it but a dog, that followed *me* because it loved me, not for what it could make out of me.

ROBINS. Your Excellency is unjust to your faithful soldiers, who follow you like dogs, fight for you like dogs, and have the grave of a dog on the spot where they happen to fall.

CROMWELL. How now, old Grumbler, what means this change of note ?

ROBINS. Thou hast released yon keeper, who hath confessed that he slew Trusty Tomkins ; while Tomkins is thrust into a hole in a thicket like a beast.

CROMWELL. True, true ; he shall be removed to the churchyard ; we ourselves will lead the procession. See that all is prepared, Pearson. After the funeral, Woodstock shall be destroyed, that it may not again afford shelter to rebels and malignants.

CURTAIN.



# PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MR. BENNET, *a gentleman of means.*

MR. BINGLEY, *a young man of means.*

MR. DARCY, *a rich young man, his friend.*

MR. WICKHAM, *a handsome man of indifferent morals.*

REV. MR. COLLINS, *an ill-bred, conceited clergyman.*

COLONEL FITZWILLIAM, *cousin of Mr. Darcy.*

MR. GARDINER, *uncle to Elizabeth Bennet.*

MR. HURST, *brother-in-law of Mr. Bingley.*

SIR WILLIAM LUCAS, *a would-be county gentleman.*

COLONEL FORSTER.

ELIZABETH BENNET, *daughter of Mr. Bennet.*

JANE  
MARY  
KITTY } *her sisters.*

MRS. BENNET, *her mother.*

CHARLOTTE LUCAS, *afterwards Mrs. Collins.*

CAROLINE BINGLEY } *sisters of Mr. Bingley.*

MRS. HURST

LADY CATHERINE DE BOURGH, *a meddlesome, dictatorial woman.*

ANNE DE BOURGH, *her daughter.*

MRS. JENKINSON, *her governess.*

MRS. GARDINER, *Elizabeth's aunt.*

MRS. REYNOLDS, *housekeeper for Mr. Darcy.*

Servants, &c.

## ACT I. SCENE I

*The morning-room at Longbourn. A room furnished in crimson; the chairs and tablecloth are of plush, and deep curtains of the same material drape the window.*

MR. BENNET is sitting in an easy chair reading 'The Times'. To him enter MRS. BENNET, flushed and excited.

MRS. BENNET. My dear Mr. Bennet, have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?

BENNET. (*Putting down his paper.*) Oh! is that so?

MRS. BENNET. It is; for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it. (*A pause.*) Do you not want to know who has taken it?

BENNET. *You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.

MRS. BENNET. Well, my dear, you must know Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England ; that he came down on Monday of last week in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with the agent immediately. The servants and furniture came in a day or so, and he is now actually there !

BENNET. Is he married or single ?

MRS. BENNET. Oh, single, my dear, to be sure ! A single man of large fortune ; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls !

BENNET. How so ? How can it affect them ?

MRS. BENNET. My dear Mr. Bennet, how can you be so tiresome ? You must know I am thinking of his marrying one of them.

BENNET. Is that his design in settling here ?

MRS. BENNET. Design ? Nonsense, how can you talk so ! But it is very likely he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him at once.

BENNET. I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better ; for as you are as handsome as any of them, he might like you the best of the party.

MRS. BENNET. My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. (*Swelling with importance.*) When a woman has four grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.

BENNET. (*Chuckling.*) In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of.

MRS. BENNET. But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley at once.

BENNET. It is more than I engage for, I assure you.

MRS. BENNET. But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him if you do not.

BENNET. You are over scrupulous, surely. I daresay Mr.—er—Bingley, is it not?—will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.

MRS. BENNET. I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Kitty. But you are always giving *her* the preference.

BENNET. They have none of them much to recommend them; they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.

MRS. BENNET. Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.

*(Enter the daughters—Jane, Elizabeth, Mary, and Kitty Bennet; they sit down. Mary reads a book, Jane watches Elizabeth trimming a hat, and Kitty does nothing in particular.)*

BENNET. You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years.

MRS. BENNET. *(Tragically.)* Ah, you do not know what I suffer.

BENNET. But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood.

MRS. BENNET. (*With a show of annoyance.*) It will be no use to us if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.

BENNET. Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty I will visit them all. (*Turning to Elizabeth.*) I hope Mr. Bingley will like the hat, Lizzy.

MRS. BENNET. (*Resentfully.*) We are not in a way to know *what* Mr. Bingley likes, since we are not to visit.

ELIZABETH. But you forget, mamma, that we shall meet him at the assemblies, and that Mrs. Long has promised to introduce him.

MRS. BENNET. I do not believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing. She has two nieces of her own. She is a selfish, hypocritical woman, and I have no opinion of her.

BENNET. No more have I, and I am glad to find that you do not depend on her serving you.

(*Kitty coughs quietly once or twice.*)

MRS. BENNET. (*Scolding.*) Don't keep coughing so, Kitty, for Heaven's sake! Have a little compassion on my nerves. You tear them to pieces.

BENNET. Kitty has no discretion in her coughs; she times them ill.

KITTY. (*Fretfully.*) I do not cough for my own amusement.

BENNET. When is your next ball to be, Lizzy?

ELIZABETH. To-morrow fortnight.

MRS. BENNET. Aye, so it is; and Mrs. Long does not come back till the day before; so it will be impossible for her to introduce him, for she will not know him herself.

BENNET. Then, my dear, you may have the advantage of your friend, and introduce Mr. Bingley to *her*.

MRS. BENNET. Impossible, Mr. Bennet, impossible, when I am not acquainted with him myself; how can you be so teasing?

BENNET. I honour your circumspection. A fortnight's

acquaintance is certainly very little. One cannot know what a man really is by the end of a fortnight. But if *we* do not venture, somebody else will. After all, Mrs. Long and her nieces must stand their chance, and therefore, as she will think it an act of kindness if you decline the office, I will take it on myself.

*(The girls stare at him.)*

MRS. BENNET. Nonsense, nonsense!

BENNET. What can be the meaning of that emphatic exclamation? Do you consider the forms of introduction, and the stress that is laid on them, as nonsense? I cannot quite agree with you there.—What say you, Mary? for you are a young lady of deep reflection, I know, and read great books, and make extracts.

MARY. *(Trying to look wise.)* Well, I—— You see——  
*(Pause.)*

BENNET. While Mary is adjusting her ideas, let us return to Mr. Bingley.

MRS. BENNET. *(Wearily.)* I am sick of Mr. Bingley.

BENNET. I am sorry to hear *that*; if I had known as much yesterday, I certainly would not have called on him. It is very unlucky; but as I have actually paid the visit, we cannot escape the acquaintance now.

*(The ladies look greatly astonished.)*

MRS. BENNET. But you said you did not know that Netherfield was taken!

BENNET. Pardon me, my dear, I said I did not object to your telling me; I heard casually the place was taken, and as I was passing yesterday, I went in to make the acquaintance of the new tenant.

MRS. BENNET. Well, how pleased I am! and it is such a good joke, too, that you should have called yesterday, and never said a word about it till now.

BENNET. *(Rising.)* Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you like. *(Exit.)*

MRS. BENNET. What an excellent father you have, girls ! I do not know how you will ever make him amends for his kindness ; or me, either, for that matter. At our time of life it is not so pleasant, I can tell you, to be making new acquaintances every day ; but for your sakes we would do anything—Kitty, my love, though you *are* the youngest, I daresay Mr. Bingley will dance with you at the next ball.

KITTY. (*Stoutly.*) Oh, I am not afraid ; for though I *am* the youngest, I'm the tallest.

JANE. I wonder how soon he will return father's visit ?

KITTY. Yes, and when will you invite him to dinner here, mother ?

ELIZABETH. What is this gentleman like, mother ? Have you asked father ?

MRS. BENNET. I vow I forgot, but Sir William was delighted with him ; he is quite young, wonderfully handsome, and extremely agreeable. Only think ! he may call any day now. What a good joke of your father's to pretend he did not know Mr. Bingley ! Come Jane and Lizzy, we will go and see what clothes you require fresh to do honour to him when he comes. Come, girls, come ! (*She bustles out, followed by Jane and Elizabeth, as the scene closes.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT I. SCENE II

(*A few weeks later.*)

*The morning-room at Longbourn, the day after a ball at Netherfield.* MRS. BENNET and her daughters are sitting at work. Enter MR. BENNET dressed for riding.

MRS. BENNET. (*Excitedly.*) Oh my dear Mr. Bennet, we had a most delightful evening at Netherfield last night, a most excellent ball. I meant to tell you about it last night, but you were asleep, and this morning you were up and gone before I woke. I wish you had been there—

BENNET. Thank you, my dear : it is enough for me that *you* were there to enjoy it.

MRS. BENNET. Jane was so admired, and Mr. Bingley thought her quite beautiful, and danced with her twice. Only think of *that* ! and she was the only creature in the room that he asked a second time. First of all he asked Miss Lucas, but he did not admire her at all—he seemed quite struck with Jane when he saw her, and asked her for the next two. Then the two next he danced with Miss King, and the two next with Maria Lucas, and the two next——

BENNET. (*Interrupting.*) If he had had any compassion on *me*, he would not have danced half so much ! For goodness' sake, say no more of his partners. Oh that he had sprained his ankle in the first dance !

MRS. BENNET. (*Enthusiastically.*) Oh, my dear, I am quite delighted with him. He is so excessively handsome ! and his sisters are charming women. I never in my life saw anything more elegant than their dresses. I daresay the lace upon Mrs. Hurst's gown——

BENNET. (*Again interrupting.*) Oh, spare me a description of finery.

MRS. BENNET. Then the shocking rudeness of his friend Mr. Darcy : I never saw anything worse ; but Lizzy can tell you all about *that*. Come here, Lizzy. Tell your father——

BENNET. Lizzy can speak for herself, I suppose.

ELIZABETH. Well, sir, it was all so pointed. I was obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances ; and during part of that time Mr. Darcy was standing near enough for me to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from a dance to press him to join it. He said : ' Come, Darcy, I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner.' And Darcy replied in a cold, proud voice : ' I certainly shall not. You

know how I detest dancing unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this it would be insupportable.'

KITTY. Yes, and he added that it would be a punishment to him to stand up with any woman except Mr. Bingley's sisters, and they were engaged.

BENNET. Be quiet, Kitty ; do not interrupt. Yes, go on, Lizzy.

ELIZABETH. Then Mr. Bingley said : ' I would not be as fastidious as you are, for a kingdom. Upon my honour, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life as I have this evening ; and there are several of them, you see, who are uncommonly pretty.'

BENNET. And what had the gentleman to say to that ?

ELIZABETH. (*With a laugh.*) He said : ' You are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room.' He was dancing with Jane, you know.

BENNET. I didn't know ; however, go on.

ELIZABETH. Mr. Bingley was in raptures. I heard him say : ' Oh, she is the most beautiful girl I ever saw ! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I daresay very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you.' Mr. Darcy looked round, with his glass to his eye, saying : ' Which do you mean ? ' Then he caught my eye, and looking away, said coldly : ' She is tolerable, but not handsome enough to tempt *me* ; and I am in no humour, at present, to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me.'

MRS. BENNET. I was watching from the other side of the room, and saw it all, and I wondered why Lizzy looked so glum. But I can assure you, Mr. Bennet, that Lizzy does not lose much by not suiting *his* fancy. For he is a most disagreeable, horrid man, not at all worth pleasing. He



walked here, and he walked there, fancying himself so very great ! I wish you had been there, my dear, to have given him one of your set-downs. I quite detest the man.

BENNET. (*Rising.*) Quite so, my dear ; but even the pleasure of setting the young man down would not compensate me for such an evening. And now I must go and see the coachman about that horse. (*Exit.*)

MRS. BENNET. (*Pushing Kitty before her.*) Now, Kitty, be off to your work, and you (*looking round*), Jane and Lizzy, do not be long. (*Exit, with Kitty.*)

JANE and ELIZABETH. No, mother.

JANE. How much I do admire Mr. Bingley, Lizzy ! I had to be cautious before mamma, but I think he is just what a young man ought to be—sensible, good-humoured, lively. And I never saw such happy manners ! So much ease with such perfect good breeding !

ELIZABETH. He is also handsome, which a young man ought likewise to be, if he possibly can. His character is thereby complete.

JANE. I was very much flattered by his asking me to dance a second time. I did not expect such a compliment.

ELIZABETH. Did you not ? *I* did for you. But that is one great difference between us. Compliments always take *you* by surprise, and *me* never. What could be more natural than his asking you again ? He could not help seeing that you were about five times as pretty as every other woman in the room. No thanks to his gallantry for that. Well, he certainly is very agreeable, and I give you leave to like him. You have liked many a stupider person.

JANE. Dear Lizzy !

ELIZABETH. Oh, you are a great deal too apt, you know, to like people in general. You never see a fault in anybody. I never heard you speak ill of a human being in my life.

JANE. I would wish not to be hasty in censuring any one ; but I always speak what I think.

ELIZABETH. I know you do ; and it is *that* which makes the wonder. With *your* good sense, to be so honestly blind to the follies and nonsense of others ! Affectation of candour is common enough ; but to be candid without ostentation or design—to take the good in everybody's character and make it still better, and say nothing of the bad—belongs to you alone. (*Pause.*) And so you like this man's sisters too, do you ? Their manners are not equal to his.

JANE. Certainly not, at first ; but they are very pleasing women when you converse with them. Miss Bingley is to live with her brother, and keep his house ; and I am much mistaken if we shall not find a very charming neighbour in her.

ELIZABETH. (*Shaking her head.*) You can't convince me ; their behaviour did not strike me as calculated to please in general ; they are doubtless very fine ladies ; they seem to be good-humoured when they are pleased, and agreeable when they choose to be so ; but *I* think they are proud and conceited.

(*Re-enter Mrs. Bennet with Lady Lucas and Charlotte.*)

MRS. BENNET. (*As she enters.*) You began the evening well, Charlotte. You were Mr. Bingley's first choice.

CHARLOTTE. (*Good-naturedly.*) Yes ; but he seemed to like his second better. (*They sit down.*)

MRS. BENNET. (*Affecting to be surprised.*) Oh, you mean Jane, I suppose, because he danced with her twice. To be sure he *did* seem as if he admired her. Indeed, I rather believe he *did*. I heard something about it, but I hardly know what—something about Mr. Robinson.

LADY LUCAS. Perhaps you mean what I overheard between him and Mr. Robinson ; didn't I mention it to you at the ball ? Mr. Robinson asked him how he liked the company, and *which* he thought the prettiest woman in the room. To the last question he answered immediately : ' Oh, the eldest Miss Bennet, beyond a doubt ; there can be no two opinions on that point. ' .

MRS. BENNET. Upon my word ! well, that was very

decided indeed ; that does seem as if—but—however, it may all come to nothing, you know.

CHARLOTTE. (*To Elizabeth.*) Mother's overhearings were more to the purpose than *yours*, Eliza : Mr. Darcy is not so well worth listening to as his friend, is he ? Poor Eliza, to be only just *tolerable*.

MRS. BENNET. I beg you will not put it into Lizzy's head to be vexed by his ill-treatment, for he is such a disagreeable man that it would be quite a misfortune to be liked by him. Mrs. Long told me last night that he sat close to her for half an hour without once opening his lips.

JANE. Are you quite sure, ma'am ? Is not there a little mistake ? I certainly saw Mr. Darcy speaking to her.

MRS. BENNET. Aye, because she asked him at last how he liked Netherfield, and he could not help answering her ; but she said he seemed very angry at being spoken to.

JANE. Miss Bingley told me that he never speaks much unless among his intimate acquaintance. With *them* he is remarkably agreeable.

MRS. BENNET. I do not believe a word of it, my dear. If he had been so very agreeable he would have talked to Mrs. Long. But I can guess how it was. Everybody says that he is eaten up with pride ; and I daresay he had heard, somehow, that Mrs. Long does not keep a carriage, and had come to the ball in a hack chaise.

CHARLOTTE. I do not mind his not talking to Mrs. Long, but I wish he had danced with Eliza.

MRS. BENNET. (*To Elizabeth.*) Another time, Lizzy, I would not dance with *him*, if I were you.

ELIZABETH. (*Proudly.*) I believe, ma'am, I may safely promise you *never* to dance with him.

CHARLOTTE. His pride does not offend *me* so much as pride often does, because there is an excuse for it. One cannot wonder that so fine a young man, with family, fortune, everything in his favour, should think highly of himself. If I may so express it, he has a *right* to be proud.

ELIZABETH. That is very true, and I could easily forgive *his* pride, if he had not mortified *mine*.

MARY. (*Sententiously.*) Pride is a very common failing, I believe. By all that I have ever read, human nature is particularly prone to it, and there are very few of us who do not cherish a feeling of self-complacency on the score of some quality of other, real or imaginary. Vanity and pride are different things, though the words are often used synonymously. A person may be proud without being vain. Pride relates more to our opinion of ourselves; vanity to what we would have others think of us.

KITTY. If I were a man and as rich as Mr. Darcy, I should not care how proud I was.

MRS. BENNET. (*To Kitty.*) That will do, Kitty. (*To Charlotte.*) You would like a glass of wine, Charlotte? Ring the bell, Kitty. (*To Lady Lucas.*) I am very well satisfied with the ball last night, I must tell you; if only I could see one of my daughters happily settled at Netherfield, and all the others equally well married, I should have nothing to wish for.

CURTAIN.

## ACT I. SCENE III

(*Some ten days later.*)

*The front of the scene represents a small ante-room, which has a door at the back, leading to the ball-room at SIR WILLIAM LUCAS'S house. Through the doorway can be seen couples dancing. ELIZABETH and CHARLOTTE, not having been asked to dance, are sitting out on a sofa which commands a view of the ball-room. Guests are constantly passing to and fro.*

ELIZABETH. It is evident he<sup>1</sup> *does* admire her, but I don't like *their*<sup>2</sup> supercilious treatment of us all, though Jane is

<sup>1</sup> Bingley.

<sup>2</sup> Bingley's sisters.

pleased with their attentions. Jane's obvious partiality for Mr. Bingley leads me to think she is in a way to be very much in love ; but I am pleased to think it is not likely to be discovered by the world in general, since her composure and uniform cheerfulness will guard her from the suspicions of the impertinent.

CHARLOTTE. It may, perhaps, be pleasant to be able to impose on the public in such a case ; but it is sometimes a disadvantage to be so very guarded. If a woman conceals her affection with the same skill from the object of it, she may lose the opportunity of fixing him. In nine cases out of ten, a woman had better show more affection than she feels. Bingley likes your sister, undoubtedly ; but he may never do more than like her, if she does not help him on.

ELIZABETH. But she does help him on, as much as her nature will allow. If *I* can perceive her regard for him, he must be a simpleton indeed not to discover it too.

CHARLOTTE. Remember, Eliza, that he does not know Jane's disposition as you do.

ELIZABETH. But if a woman is partial to a man, and does not endeavour to conceal it, he must find it out.

CHARLOTTE. Perhaps he must, if he sees enough of her. But though Bingley and Jane meet tolerably often, it is never for many hours together. Jane should therefore make the most of every half-hour in which she can command his attention. When she is secure of him, there will be leisure for falling in love as much as she chooses.

ELIZABETH. Your plan is a good one, where nothing is in question but the desire of being well married ; and if I were determined to get a rich husband, I daresay I should adopt it. But these are not Jane's feelings. She has known him only a fortnight. This is not quite enough to make her understand his character.

CHARLOTTE. Not as you represent it ; but you must

remember that four evenings have been spent together, and four evenings may do a great deal.

ELIZABETH. (*Laughing.*) Yes ; these four evenings have enabled them to ascertain that they both like vingt-et-un<sup>1</sup> better than Commerce<sup>1</sup> !

CHARLOTTE. Well, I wish Jane success with all my heart ; and if she were married to him to-morrow, I should think she had as good a chance of happiness as if she were to be studying his character for a twelvemonth. Happiness in marriage is entirely a matter of chance.

(*Darcy enters from the ball-room ; he saunters about, and finally stands where he is not conspicuous and watches Elizabeth.*)

ELIZABETH. (*Smiling.*) You make me laugh, Charlotte ; but it is not sound—you *know* it is not sound, and would not act in this way yourself. (*Enter Colonel Forster, at the conclusion of a dance.*) Oh, there is Colonel Forster. I want to speak to him. (*She goes forward.*) Colonel Forster !

FORSTER. (*Bowing.*) Yes, Miss Eliza ?

ELIZABETH. When are you going to fulfil that promise to give us a ball at Meryton ? (*Looking round.*) Come here, Charlotte, and help me to persuade him. (*Charlotte comes forward.*)

FORSTER. My promise, eh ?

ELIZABETH. Yes, your promise. You *did* say, now didn't you ? that you wished Meryton were not quite so deadly dull—you didn't say *deadly*, but that is as near as I may go to it !

FORSTER. Ahem ! I certainly—er—*did* say something of the sort.

ELIZABETH. Well now, you *can* do something to make it less dull. I call that—well, perhaps not a promise, but an invitation to us to *make* you promise something in the near future ; and a ball would be just the thing.

<sup>1</sup> Games of cards.

FORSTER. It would, certainly ; I must think about it, I must ~~think~~ about it. But, excuse me, I must go and find my partner. (*Exit.*)

ELIZABETH. (*Pouting, to Charlotte.*) What does Mr. Darcy mean by listening to my conversation with Colonel Forster ?

CHARLOTTE. That is a question which Mr. Darcy only can answer.

ELIZABETH. (*Indignantly.*) But if he does it any more, I shall certainly let him know that I see what he is about. He has a very satirical eye, and if I do not begin by being impertinent myself, I shall soon grow afraid of him. (*She takes Charlotte's arm, and leads her off, away from Mr. Darcy.*)

DARCY. (*Soliloquizing.*) I began by making it clear to myself and to my friends that she had hardly a good feature in her face. No sooner had I done so, than I began to realize that it was rendered uncommonly intelligent by the beautiful expression of her dark eyes. Though her manners are *not* those of the fashionable world, I confess I am caught by her easy playfulness. I wish I knew more of her.

(*Enter from the ball-room Sir William Lucas, and from the side, Elizabeth and Charlotte, still arm in arm.*)

Sir William walks up to Mr. Darcy, who is staring at Elizabeth. Elizabeth turns to him.)

ELIZABETH. Do not you think, Mr. Darcy, that I expressed myself uncommonly well just now, when I was teasing Colonel Forster to give us a ball at Meryton ?

DARCY. (*Mingling hauteur with interest.*) With great energy ; but it is a subject which always makes a lady energetic.

ELIZABETH. (*In mock humility.*) You are severe on us. "

CHARLOTTE. (*To Darcy.*) It will be *her* turn soon to be teased. They have finished dancing for the present. I am going to open the instrument, Eliza, and you know what follows:

ELIZABETH. You are a very strange creature by way of a friend—always wanting me to play and sing before anybody and everybody ! If my vanity had taken a musical turn, you would have been invaluable ; but as it is, I would really rather not sit down before——

CHARLOTTE. No, Lizzy, I cannot let you off like that. *(She draws her away.)*

ELIZABETH. *(As she goes.)* Very well ; if it must be so, it must. *(Over her shoulder to Darcy.)* There is a very fine old saying, with which everybody here is of course familiar : ‘ Keep your breath to cool your porridge ’ and I shall keep mine to swell my song. *(Exeunt Charlotte and Elizabeth into the ball-room whence Elizabeth is presently heard singing.)*

SIR WILLIAM. *(Ingriatingly.)* What a charming amusement for young people this is, Mr. Darcy ! There is nothing like dancing after all. I consider it as one of the first refinements of polished society.

DARCY. *(Coldly.)* Certainly, sir ; and it has the advantage also of being in vogue amongst the less polished societies of the world—every savage can dance.

SIR WILLIAM. *(Smiling.)* Your friend Mr. Bingley performs delightfully, and I doubt not that you are an adept in the science yourself, Mr. Darcy. Do you often dance at St. James’s ?

DARCY. *(Coldly.)* Never, sir.

SIR WILLIAM. Do you not think it would be a proper compliment to the place ?

DARCY. It is a compliment which I never pay to any place if I can avoid it.

SIR WILLIAM. You have a house in town, I suppose ? *(Darcy bows.)* I had once some thoughts of fixing in town myself, for I am fond of superior society ; but I did not feel quite certain that the air of London would agree with Lady Lucas. *(A pause—Elizabeth, having finished her song,*



*returns with Charlotte to sit down, unaware that Darcy is still there. Sir William approaches her.)* My dear Miss Eliza, they are surely going to dance again. *(To Darcy.)* Mr. Darcy, you must allow me to present this young lady to you as a very desirable partner. You cannot refuse to dance, I am sure, when so much beauty is before you. *(He takes Elizabeth's hand, to lead her towards Darcy.)*

DARCY. *(Surprised.)* Well, I said—but——

ELIZABETH. *(In a composed voice, drawing back.)* Indeed, sir, I have not the least intention of dancing. I entreat you not to suppose that I came this way in order to beg for a partner.

DARCY. *(Gravely.)* May I beg the honour of your hand for this dance, madam?

SIR WILLIAM. *(Persuasively.)* Come, Miss Eliza, don't refuse, I know you would like to dance, and this gentleman is——

ELIZABETH. You are very kind, Sir William.

SIR WILLIAM. You excel so much in the dance, Miss Eliza, that it is cruel to deny me the happiness of seeing you; and though this gentleman dislikes the amusement in general, he is showing us that he has no objection to obliging us for one half-hour.

ELIZABETH. *(Smiling.)* Mr. Darcy is all politeness.

*(Miss Bingley comes to the door from within the ball-room, and looks at the group.)*

SIR WILLIAM. He is, indeed; but considering the inducement *(bowing)*, my dear Miss Eliza, we cannot wonder at his complaisance; for who would object to such a partner?

ELIZABETH. But still I am going to take the liberty of refusing.

*(She turns away with Charlotte. Sir William follows them out.)*

DARCY. *(To himself.)* Upon my word, that young person improves upon acquaintance; she really is passable.

to cards? That is rather singular. (*They continue their game in a half-hearted fashion.*)

MISS BINGLEY. Miss Eliza Bennet despises cards. She is a great reader, and has no pleasure in anything else.

ELIZABETH. I deserve neither such praise nor such censure; I am not a great reader, and I have pleasure in many other things.

BINGLEY. In nursing your sister I am sure you have pleasure; and I hope it will soon be increased by seeing her quite well.

ELIZABETH. (*Gratefully.*) Thank you, you are very kind.

BINGLEY. May I fetch you any other book?—my whole library is at your disposal; and I wish my collection were larger, for your benefit and my credit.

ELIZABETH. Pray do not trouble; I can suit myself perfectly from here. (*She selects a book, and sits down.*)

MISS BINGLEY. I am astonished that my father should have left so small a collection of books—what a delightful library you have at Pemberley, Mr. Darcy.

DARCY. It ought to be good; it has been the work of generations. (*He divides his attention between Elizabeth and the book.*)

MISS BINGLEY. And then you have added so much to it yourself; you are always buying books.

DARCY. I cannot comprehend the neglect of a family library in such days as these.

MISS BINGLEY. Neglect! I am sure you neglect nothing that can add to the beauties of that noble place. Charles, when you buy your place, I wish you would take Pemberley for a kind of model, and buy one like it.

BINGLEY. With all my heart. I will buy Pemberley itself, if Darcy will sell it.

MISS BINGLEY. (*Coldly.*) I am talking of possibilities, Charles.

BINGLEY. Upon my word, Caroline, I should think it

more possible to get Pemberley by purchase than by imitation.

MISS BINGLEY. (*To Darcy.*) Is Miss Darcy at home now, Mr. Darcy? Has she grown since last spring? Will she be as tall as I am?

DARCY. (*Slowly, considering.*) I—think she will. She is now about (*he looks at Elizabeth, who moves uneasily in her chair*) Miss Elizabeth Bennet's height, or rather taller.

MISS BINGLEY. How I long to see her again! I never met with any one who delighted me so much. Such a countenance, such manners, and so extremely accomplished for her age! Her performance on the pianoforte is exquisite.

BINGLEY. It is amazing to me how young ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished as they are.

MISS BINGLEY. All young ladies accomplished! My dear Charles, what do you mean?

BINGLEY. Yes, all of them, I think. They all paint tables, cover screens, and net purses. I scarcely know any one who cannot do all this; and I am sure I never heard a young lady spoken of for the first time without being informed that she was very accomplished.

DARCY. (*Coldly.*) Your list of the common extent of accomplishments has too much truth. The word is applied to many women who deserve it only by netting a purse. I cannot boast of knowing more than half a dozen in the whole range of my acquaintance that are really accomplished.

MISS BINGLEY. Nor I, I am sure.

ELIZABETH. Then you must comprehend a great deal in your idea of an accomplished woman, Mr. Darcy.

DARCY. (*Unbending somewhat.*) Yes; I do comprehend a great deal in it.

MISS BINGLEY. (*Anxious to please Darcy.*) Oh, certainly! no one can be really accomplished who does not have a thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing, and the modern languages; and besides all this, she must

possess a certain something in her air and manner of walking, the tone of her voice, her address and expressions, or the word will be but half deserved.

DARCY. (*Coldly again.*) All this she must possess ; and to all she must add something more substantial, in the improvement of her mind by extensive reading.

ELIZABETH. (*Smiling.*) I am no longer surprised at your knowing *only* six accomplished women. I rather wonder now at your knowing *any*.

DARCY. Are you so severe on your own sex as to doubt the possibility of that ?

ELIZABETH. I never saw such a woman. I never saw such capacity, and taste, and application, and elegance, as you describe, united.

MISS BINGLEY. } Oh dear me, I know many such !  
MRS. HURST. }

ELIZABETH. But I must go and see how Jane is, if you will excuse me. (*Exit.*)

MISS BINGLEY. (*Sourly.*) Eliza Bennet is one of those young ladies who seek to recommend themselves to the other sex by undervaluing their own, and with many men, I daresay, it succeeds ; but in my opinion it is a paltry device, a very mean art.

DARCY. Undoubtedly there is meanness in *all* the arts which ladies sometimes condescend to employ for captivation. (*Miss Bingley looks sharply at him.*) Whatever bears affinity to cunning is despicable.

(*Darcy has seated himself at a small davenport, and begins to write.*)

MISS BINGLEY. (*Rising and taking her work to a seat by his side.*) May I take the liberty of asking if you are writing to your sister ?

DARCY. You may ; I am.

MISS BINGLEY. How delighted she will be to receive such a letter. (*Pause.*) You write uncommonly fast.

DARCY. (*Without lifting his head.*) You are mistaken ; I write rather slowly.

MISS BINGLEY. How many letters you must have occasion to write in the course of a year—letters of business, too ! how odious I should think them !

DARCY. (*Coldly.*) It is fortunate, then, that they fall to my lot instead of to yours.

MISS BINGLEY. Pray tell your sister that I long to see her.

DARCY. I have already told her once that you expressed yourself in that manner earlier in the evening.

MISS BINGLEY. I am afraid you do not like your pen. Let me mend it for you. I mend pens remarkably well.

DARCY. Thank you—but I always mend my own.

MISS BINGLEY. How can you contrive to write so even ? (*Pause.*) Tell your sister I am delighted to hear of her improvement on the harp, and with her beautiful little design for a table.

DARCY. (*Looking up.*) Will you give me leave to defer your raptures till I write again ? At present I have not room to do them justice.

MISS BINGLEY. Oh, it is of no consequence. I shall see her in January. But do you always write such charming long letters to her, Mr. Darcy ?

(*Elizabeth enters quietly, goes to her seat and resumes her book.*)

DARCY. They are generally long ; but whether always charming, it is not for me to determine.

MISS BINGLEY. It is a rule with me that a person who can write a long letter with ease cannot write ill.

BINGLEY. That will not do for a compliment to Darcy, Caroline, because he does *not* write with ease. He studies too much for words of four syllables—do you not, Darcy ?

DARCY. My style of writing is very different from yours.

MISS BINGLEY. Oh, Charles writes in the most careless way imaginable. He leaves out half his words, and blots the rest.

BINGLEY. My ideas flow so rapidly that I have not time to express them ; by which means my letters sometimes convey no ideas at all to my correspondents.

ELIZABETH. Your humility, Mr. Bingley, must disarm reproof.

DARCY. (*Slightly less coldly.*) Nothing is more deceitful than the appearance of humility. It is often only carelessness of opinion, and sometimes an indirect boast.

BINGLEY. And which of the two do you call *my* little recent piece of modesty ?

DARCY. The indirect boast ; for you are really proud of your defects in writing, because you consider they proceed from rapidity of thought, which you think at least interesting.

BINGLEY. Whatever I do is done in a hurry ; if I were to make up my mind to leave Netherfield, I should probably be gone in five minutes.

DARCY. I am by no means convinced that you would be gone with such celerity. Your action would be quite as dependent on chance as that of any man I know. If you were mounting your horse and a friend were to say : ' Bingley, you had better stay till next week ', you would probably do it.

ELIZABETH. You have only shown Mr. Bingley to be more amiable than he confesses himself to be.

BINGLEY. I am exceedingly gratified by your converting what my friend says into a compliment on the sweetness of my temper. But I am afraid you are giving it a turn which that gentleman did by no means intend ; for he would certainly think the better of me, if, under such a circumstance, I were to give a flat refusal, and ride off as fast as I could.

ELIZABETH. Would Mr. Darcy then consider the rashness of your original intention atoned for by your obstinacy in adhering to it ?

BINGLEY. Upon my word I cannot exactly explain the matter ; Darcy must speak for himself.

DARCY. Will it not be advisable, before we proceed, to arrange with precision the degree of importance of the request, and the intimacy subsisting between the parties ?

BINGLEY. By all means, not forgetting their comparative size. I assure you, Miss Bennet, if Darcy were not such a great, tall fellow, I should not pay him half so much deference.

MISS BINGLEY. Don't talk nonsense, Charles.

DARCY. I see your design, Bingley. You dislike argument, and want to silence this.

BINGLEY. Perhaps I do. Arguments are too much like disputes. If you and Miss Bennet will defer yours till I am out of the room, I shall be very thankful.

ELIZABETH. What you ask is no sacrifice on my side ; and Mr. Darcy had better finish his letter.

DARCY. I have just done.

*(He takes up his pen. Miss Bingley saunters to the piano, and begins to play a Scotch reel.)*

DARCY. *(To Elizabeth.)* Do you not feel a great inclination, Miss Bennet, to seize such an opportunity of dancing a reel ? *(Elizabeth smiles, but does not answer.)*

DARCY. *(Surprised at her silence.)* I asked you if you did not feel——

ELIZABETH. Oh, I heard you before, but I could not immediately determine what to say in reply. You wanted me, I know, to say 'Yes,' that you might have the pleasure of despising my taste ; but I always delight in overthrowing schemes like that, and cheating a man of his premeditated contempt. I have, therefore, made up my mind to tell you that I do not want to dance a reel at all ; and now despise me if you dare. *(To Miss Bingley.)* I should like to retire, if you will excuse me.

DARCY. *(As he opens the door.)* Indeed, I do not dare.

*(There is a chorus of 'good nights', and after the door is closed, Miss Bingley leaves the piano, and goes to Darcy.)*

MISS BINGLEY. I hope you will give your mother-in-law a few hints, when this desirable event takes place, as to the advantage of holding her tongue ; and, if you can compass it, cure the younger girls of running after officers. And if I may mention so delicate a subject, endeavour to check that little something, bordering on conceit and impertinence, which your lady possesses.

DARCY. *(Icily.)* Have you anything else to propose for my domestic felicity ?

MISS BINGLEY. Oh, yes. Do let the portraits of your new uncle and aunt, the attorney I mean, be placed in the gallery at Pemberley. As for your Elizabeth's picture, you must not attempt to have it taken, for what painter could do justice to those beautiful eyes ? Good night.

CURTAIN.

## ACT II. SCENE I

*(Three days later.)*

*The morning-room at Longbourn ; the ladies of the house are occupied as usual, and MR. BENNET is reading the paper. Time, afternoon.*

BENNET. I hope, my dear, that you have ordered a good dinner to-day, because I have reason to expect an addition to our family party.

MRS. BENNET. Whom do you mean ? I know of nobody that is coming, I am sure, unless Charlotte Lucas should happen to call in ; and I hope *my* dinners are good enough for her. I do not believe she often sees such at home.

BENNET. The person of whom I speak is a gentleman and a stranger.

MRS. BENNET. *(Eagerly.)* A gentleman and a stranger ! It is Mr. Bingley, I am sure. Why, Jane, you never dropped



a word of this, you sly thing, when you came home yesterday. So against my wishes, too, when I had planned for you to stay at least a week. That was why I said you could not have the carriage, as you should have known.

JANE. (*Blushing.*) He said nothing, mamma, about coming to-day, at least not to me.

ELIZABETH. Nor to me. (*She looks at Jane.*)

MRS. BENNET. Well, I am sure I shall be extremely glad to see Mr. Bingley. But—goodness me! how unlucky there is not a bit of fish to be got to-day—Kitty, my love, ring the bell. I must speak to Hill this moment.

BENNET. (*Motioning Kitty back.*) It is *not* Mr. Bingley; it is a person whom I never saw in the whole course of my life.

ALL THE LADIES. Who is it? Is it an officer? Is it Mr. Darcy? Is he a neighbour?

BENNET. (*After a while, smiling.*) About a month ago I received this letter (*he takes it from his pocket*), and about a fortnight ago I answered it; for I thought it a case of some delicacy, requiring early attention. It is from my cousin, Mr. Collins, who when I am dead may turn you all out of this house as soon as he pleases.

MRS. BENNET. Oh, my dear, I cannot bear to hear it mentioned. Pray do not talk of that odious man. I do think it is the hardest thing in the world that your estate should be entailed away from your own children; and I am sure, if I had been you, I should have tried long ago to do something or other about it.

JANE and ELIZABETH. Ma'am, you don't understand the nature of an entail. You see——

MRS. BENNET. Spare me, I pray! You have tried to convince me before, but I *will* say it is a cruel thing to entail an estate away from a family of four daughters, in favour of a man nobody cares anything about!

BENNET. (*Sarcastically.*) It certainly is a most iniquitous

affair, and nothing can clear Mr. Collins from the guilt of inheriting Longbourn. But if you will listen to his letter——

MRS. BENNET. No, I will not ; I think it was very impertinent of him to write to you at all, and very hypocritical. I hate such false friends. Why could not he keep on quarrelling with you, as his father did before him ?

BENNET. Why, indeed, he seems to have had some filial scruples on that head. He says (*referring to the letter*) : ‘ The disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late lamented father always gave me much uneasiness.’ There, Mrs. Bennet ! He goes on to say : ‘ As a clergyman, moreover, I feel it my duty to promote the blessing of peace in all families within reach of my influence ; and on these grounds I flatter myself that my present overtures of good will are highly commendable, and that the circumstance of my being next in the entail of Longbourn estate will be kindly overlooked on your side, and not lead you to reject the offered olive branch. I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters, and beg to assure you of my readiness to make them every possible amends ; but of this hereafter.’ He then says he will be here to-day, ‘ trespass on our hospitality’, as he puts it. He seems to be a most conscientious and polite young man, upon my word, and I doubt not will prove a valuable acquaintance.

MRS. BENNET. There is some sense in what he says about the girls, however ; and if he is disposed to make them any amends, I shall not be the person to discourage him.

JANE. Though it is difficult to guess in what way he can mean to make us the atonement he thinks our due, the wish is certainly to his credit.

MRS. BENNET. I suppose I must see about a room for him then—but he shall not have the best spare bed. Kitty, come with me.

(*Exeunt, Mrs. Bennet and Kitty.*)

ELIZABETH. He must be an oddity, I think. I cannot make him out. There is something very pompous in his style. What can he mean by apologizing for being next in entail? We cannot suppose he would help it, if he could. Can he be a sensible man, sir?

BENNET. No, my dear, I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter which promises well. I am impatient to see him.

MARY. In point of composition his letter does not seem defective. The idea of the olive branch is perhaps not wholly new; yet it is, I think, well expressed.

(*Re-enter Mrs. Bennet, with Mr. Collins.*)

MRS. BENNET. Here is our guest, Mr. Bennet. I am sure you will tell him how pleased we are to see him.

BENNET. How do you do, Mr. Collins? Pray make yourself at home.

COLLINS. I will, sir, I assure you. (*Bennet introduces him to each of the girls, who all drop curtsies.*) I must compliment you, my dear sir and madam, on your daughters; I have heard much of their beauty, but in this instance fame falls short of the truth. (*Jane and Elizabeth look at each other and smile. Kitty titters openly.*)

MRS. BENNET. You are very kind, sir.

COLLINS. Not at all, ma'am; and I may add, I hope, nay, I doubt not, you will in due time see them all well disposed in marriage.

MRS. BENNET. (*With eager readiness.*) I wish with all my heart it may prove so, for else they will be destitute enough. Things are settled so oddly.

COLLINS. You allude, perhaps, to the entail of this estate?

MRS. BENNET. Ah, sir, I do indeed. It is a grievous affair to my poor girls, you must admit. Not that I mean to find fault with you.

COLLINS. I am very sensible, madam, of the hardship to my fair cousins (*he bows*), and could say much on the subject, but that I am cautious of appearing precipitate. But I can assure the young ladies that I come prepared to admire them. At present I will say no more.

BENNET. (*Changing the conversation.*) You are now ordained, Mr. Collins; are you permanently settled in a cure?

COLLINS. (*In raptures.*) I am happy to say I am, sir. I have been fortunate enough to be distinguished by the Lady Catherine de Bourgh, a widow whose bounty and beneficence have preferred me to the valuable rectory of the parish whose church she attends. I shall earnestly endeavour to demean myself with grateful respect towards her ladyship, and to be ever ready to perform the rites and ceremonies instituted by the Church of England.

MRS. BENNET. What is Lady—er—your patroness like, Mr. Collins?

COLLINS. (*Unctuously.*) I have never witnessed such affability and condescension in a lady of rank. Lady de Bourgh was graciously pleased to approve of both the discourses which I have already had the honour of preaching before her.

MRS. BENNET. That is very proper and civil, I am sure, and I daresay she is a very agreeable woman. It is a pity that great ladies in general are not more like her. Does she live near you, sir?

COLLINS. The garden in which stands my humble abode is separated only by a lane from Rosings Park, her ladyship's residence.

MRS. BENNET. I think you said she was a widow, sir? has she any family?

COLLINS. She has one daughter, the heiress of Rosings.

MRS. BENNET. Has she been presented? I do not remember her name among the ladies at Court.

COLLINS. Her indifferent state of health unhappily prevents her being in town, and by that means, so I told Lady de Bourgh myself one day, has deprived the British Court of its brightest ornament. This is the kind of little thing which pleases her ladyship, and it is a sort of attention which I conceive myself peculiarly bound to pay. •

BENNET. Umph! (*Sarcastically.*) You judge very properly, and it is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study?

COLLINS. They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time, though I sometimes amuse myself with composing and arranging such little elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions.

BENNET. Ugh!

MRS. BENNET. What did you say, Mr. Bennet?

BENNET. I didn't speak, my dear. (*He leaves the room.*)

COLLINS. (*In a shocked tone, as he picks up a book from the table.*) My dear madam, what is this?

MRS. BENNET. It is one of the girls' books—from the circulating library. Have you read it?

COLLINS. (*Pompously, putting it down and dusting his hands.*) Madam, I never read novels!

KITTY. Perhaps you read books of sermons; but I can tell you, I *don't*.

COLLINS. I have often observed how little young ladies are interested by books of a serious stamp, though written solely for their benefit. It amazes me, I confess; for certainly there can be nothing so advantageous as instruction.

MRS. BENNET. That is so. (*To her daughters.*) Come, girls, it is time to dress for dinner.

JANE. We will go, Mamma. (*Exeunt the young ladies.*)

COLLINS. (*Confidentially.*) Now that I have a parsonage house, I require a mistress for it; and I avow that my

intention in coming here was chiefly that I might find that mistress, the partner of my joys and sorrows, at Longbourn. Your daughter Miss Jane, ma'am——

MRS. BENNET. (*Complaisantly.*) My dear Mr. Collins, I must caution you against fixing your affections on *her* ; we have great hopes that soon she may be mistress of a large house in this neighbourhood. As for my *younger* daughters, I cannot take upon myself to say, but I do not *know* of any prepossession.

COLLINS. Then naturally Miss Elizabeth——

MRS. BENNET. Ah ! that is another matter. But will you now allow me to conduct you to your room ? You may like to make your toilet for dinner.

COLLINS. Certainly, madam.

MRS. BENNET. (*To herself as she goes.*) Soon I may have *two* daughters happily married.

CURTAIN.

## ACT II. SCENE II

(*A few days later.*)

*A sitting-room in MR. BENNET'S house at Longbourn.—*

MRS. BENNET, ELIZABETH, and KITTY seated at work.  
*Enter MR. COLLINS.*

COLLINS. May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter, Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of the morning ?

MRS. BENNET. Oh dear ! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy ; I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs. (*She rises to go.*)

ELIZABETH. Dear madam, do not go ; I beg you will not go ! Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself.

MRS. BENNET. No, no ; nonsense, Lizzy ; I desire you will stay where you are. (*Elizabeth moves as if to go.*) Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins.

ELIZABETH. (*Aside.*) I should be wiser to get it over as soon as possible. (*She sits down again. Exeunt Mrs. Bennet and Kitty.*)

COLLINS. Believe me, dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there not been this little unwillingness ; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse. Almost as soon as I entered the house, I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject——

ELIZABETH. (*Aside.*) Run away with by his feelings ! With such solemn composure as he has ! (*She hides her face in her handkerchief.*)

COLLINS. I shall state my reasons for marrying. First, I think it right for every clergyman to set the example of matrimony in his parish ; secondly, I am convinced it will add greatly to my happiness ; thirdly, it is the particular advice of the noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. This much for my general intention in favour of matrimony. My views were directed to Longbourn by the fact that, being, as I am, to inherit the estate after the death of your honoured father, I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters ; that the loss to them might be as little as possible. This has been my motive, my fair cousin ; and now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affections. Though your thousand pounds in the four per cents. is all you may ever be entitled to, you may assure yourself

that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married.

ELIZABETH. (*Interrupting.*) You are too hasty, sir; you forget that I have made no answer. Let me do so without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them.

COLLINS. I am not now to learn that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept. I am, therefore, by no means discouraged by what you have said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long.

ELIZABETH. Upon my word, sir, your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make me happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world to make you happy. Nay, your friend Lady Catherine would find me ill-qualified for the situation.

COLLINS. (*Very gravely.*) Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so—but I cannot imagine it—for you may be certain that I shall speak in the highest terms of—

ELIZABETH. Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family. (*Rising.*) This matter may, therefore, be considered as finally settled.

- COLLINS. When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me.

ELIZABETH. (*Rapidly.*) Really, Mr. Collins, you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said encourages



you, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one.

COLLINS. You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely words, of course. My reasons for believing it are chiefly that in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made to you. I shall choose, therefore, to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females.

ELIZABETH. I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again for the honour you have done me, but to accept your proposals is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer?

COLLINS. (*With awkward gallantry.*) You are uniformly charming! and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable. (*Exit Elizabeth.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Bennet in a hurry.*)

MRS. BENNET. Mr. Collins, my dear Mr. Collins, I do congratulate you—and ourselves too, for that matter, on the happy prospect of our being more closely related.

COLLINS. I am delighted that it meets with your approval. At present, I am bound to say that my cousin, to attract me more, has repulsed my advances. I trust I have every reason to be satisfied with the result, however, since the refusal my cousin has given would naturally flow from her bashful modesty.

MRS. BENNET. (*Startled.*) That is not like Lizzie, Mr. Collins, but depend upon it, she shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it directly. She is a very

headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interests ; but I will make her know it.

COLLINS. Pardon me for interrupting you, madam ; but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for——

MRS. BENNET. (*Alarmed.*) Sir, you quite misunderstand me ; Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these ; in everything else she is as good-natured a girl as ever lived. (*Rises.*) I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we will very soon settle it with her, I am sure. (*Enter Mr. Bennet.*) Oh, here is Mr. Bennet—Mr. Bennet !

COLLINS. If you will allow me, madam, I shall leave you. (*Bows and exit.*)

MRS. BENNET. Oh, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately. You must make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins ; for she vows she will not have him, and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have her.

BENNET. I have not the pleasure of understanding you. Of what are you talking ?

MRS. BENNET. Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy ; Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy.

BENNET. And what am I to do on the occasion ? It seems a hopeless business.

MRS. BENNET. Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her you insist upon her marrying him.

BENNET. Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion. (*Mrs. Bennet rings the bell. Enter servant.*) Send Miss Elizabeth to me.

(*Exit servant.* Mr. Bennet *drums on the table with his fingers.* *Enter Elizabeth.*)

BENNET. Come here, child. I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true ?

ELIZABETH. It is, sir.

BENNET. Very well. And this offer of marriage you have refused ?

ELIZABETH. I have, sir.

BENNET. Very well ; we now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet ?

MRS. BENNET. Yes, or I will never see her again.

BENNET. An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do ! (Elizabeth smiles, Mrs. Bennet falls into a chair and faints.)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II. SCENE III

(A few days later.)

*The drawing-room at Netherfield. The ladies are waiting for the gentlemen to join them after dinner ; some are working, some are talking while turning over prints. The tables are set out ready for whist.*

MRS. HURST. Here come the gentlemen.

(*There are sounds of conversation outside, the door opens, and the gentlemen enter, led by Mr. Bingley.*)

HURST. Who's for a game of whist ? I confess I am.

(*He strolls to a table, and picks up a pack of cards. The ladies and gentlemen cluster together, talking lightly ; gradually they seat themselves.*)

MISS BINGLEY. (*Very condescendingly to Collins.*) Will you play, sir, or do you consider it—— ?

COLLINS. By no means. I know little of the game at present, but I shall be glad to improve myself ; for in my situation in life——

MISS BINGLEY. Come along, sir, the players are ready to begin.

(*Some few of the guests have declined to play, and are sitting apart. Wickham strolls up to Elizabeth, and seats himself at her side. Darcy gravely watches the play.*)

ELIZABETH. Are you not playing, Mr. Wickham?

WICKHAM. No, Miss Bennet. Shall I be intruding if I stay here?

ELIZABETH. By no means, sir.

WICKHAM. How long, may I ask, have you known our host?

ELIZABETH. About three months.

WICKHAM. (*Looking across at Darcy.*) And how long has he been here?

ELIZABETH. Who? Mr. Darcy? Oh, about the same time. He is a man of very large property in Derbyshire, I understand.

WICKHAM. Yes, his estate there is a noble one. You could not have met with a person more capable of giving you information on that head than myself, for I have been connected with his family from infancy. (*Elizabeth looks surprised.*) You may well be surprised, Miss Bennet, after seeing the very cold manner of our meeting. Are you much acquainted with Mr. Darcy?

ELIZABETH. (*Warmly.*) As much as I ever wish to be. A month or so ago I spent four days in this house with him, and I think him very disagreeable.

WICKHAM. I have no right to give my opinion; I have known him too long to be a fair judge. But I believe your opinion of him would in general astonish.

ELIZABETH. Upon my word, I say no more than anybody else might. He is not at all liked in Hertfordshire. Everybody is disgusted with his pride.

WICKHAM. I cannot pretend to be sorry that he is not estimated beyond his deserts; but with him I believe it does not often happen. Is he likely to be in these parts much longer?

ELIZABETH. I do not at all know ; I hope your plans of joining the militia will not be affected by his being in the neighbourhood ?

WICKHAM. Oh no ; it is not for *me* to be driven away by Mr. Darcy. I have no reason for avoiding *him* but what I might proclaim to the world—a sense of very great ill-usage. His father, the late Mr. Darcy, was one of the best men that ever breathed ; but the son's behaviour to myself has been scandalous ; he has disgraced the memory of his father, and this I cannot forgive.

ELIZABETH. (*Turning the conversation.*) How do you like Meryton ?

WICKHAM. I am highly pleased with what I have seen of the neighbourhood, and the society—well, it was the prospect of constant society, good society, which was the chief inducement to me to enter the corps. Society, I own, is necessary to me. I am a disappointed man, and my spirits will not bear solitude. I was not intended for a military life ; the church *ought* to have been my profession, and if it had pleased the gentleman we were speaking of just now, I should have been in possession of a most valuable living.

ELIZABETH. Indeed !

WICKHAM. Yes ; the late Mr. Darcy bequeathed me the next presentation of the best living in his gift. He was my godfather, and exceedingly attached to me. He meant to provide for me, and thought he had done it. But when the living fell vacant, it was otherwise filled.

ELIZABETH. Good Heavens ! but how could *that* be ? How could his will be disregarded ? Why did you not seek legal redress ?

WICKHAM. There was just such an informality in the terms of the bequest as to give me no hope from law. A man of honour could not have doubted the intention ; but Mr. Darcy chose to doubt it, or to treat it as a con-

ditional recommendation, and to assert that I had forfeited all claim to it by extravagance, imprudence, in short, anything or nothing. I have a warm temper, and I may perhaps have spoken my opinion of him too freely. I can recall nothing worse ; but the fact is, he hates me.

ELIZABETH. This is quite shocking ! He deserves to be publicly disgraced.

WICKHAM. Some time or other he *will* be, but it shall not be by me. Till I can forget his father, I can never defy or expose him.

*(He rises and crosses the room. A footman enters noiselessly, and speaks to Mr. Bingley, who is playing at the same table as Jane. Bingley rises and leaves the room ; the others at the table lean back and wait. Jane rises after a minute, and sauntering over to Elizabeth who has beckoned to her, sits down by her side.)*

ELIZABETH. Do you know what Mr. Wickham has just told me ? He has proved what I have felt all the time, that Mr. Darcy is a shocking character ! He has acted in a most unkind and arbitrary fashion towards poor Mr. Wickham, who was a friend of his father.

JANE. I do not think that Mr. Darcy can be so unworthy of Mr. Bingley's regard. There must be some mistake, of which we can form no idea.

ELIZABETH. *(Smiling.)* Of course you would clear him, or you might be obliged to think ill of somebody.

JANE. Laugh as much as you choose, but you will not laugh me out of my opinion. My dearest Lizzy, do but consider in what a disgraceful light it places Mr. Darcy, to be treating his father's friends badly. No man of common humanity, no man who had any value for his own character, could be capable of it. Can his most intimate friends be so vastly deceived in him ? Oh, no !

ELIZABETH. I can much more easily believe Mr. Bingley's being imposed on than that Mr. Wickham should invent such a history of himself as he gave me just now—

everything mentioned without ceremony. If it be not so, let Mr. Darcy contradict it. Besides, there was truth in his looks.

JANE. It is difficult, indeed—it is distressing. One does not know what to think.

ELIZABETH. I beg your pardon ; one knows exactly what to think.

(*Re-enter Bingley. Jane sees him and rejoins her table.*

*Elizabeth rises and goes towards the piano. Seating herself, she begins to play quietly. Darcy crosses to her.*)

ELIZABETH. I have just been talking to one who knows your home very well, Mr. Darcy—a most agreeable gentleman.

DARCY. (*Haughtily.*) Mr. Wickham is blessed with such happy manners as may ensure his *making* friends ; whether he may be equally capable of retaining them is less certain.

ELIZABETH. (*With emphasis.*) He has been so unlucky as to lose *your* friendship, and in a manner which he is likely to suffer from all his life. (*A pause, since Darcy does not reply.*) I remember hearing you once say, Mr. Darcy, that you hardly ever forgave—that your resentment, once created, was unappeasable. You are very cautious, I suppose, as to its *being created* ?

DARCY. (*Firmly.*) I am.

ELIZABETH. And never allow yourself to be blinded by prejudice ?

DARCY. I hope not.

ELIZABETH. It is particularly incumbent on those who never change their opinion to be secure of judging properly at first.

DARCY. May I ask to what these questions tend ?

ELIZABETH. Merely to the illustration of *your* character ; I am trying to make it out.

DARCY. And what is your success ?

ELIZABETH. (*Shaking her head.*) I do not get on at all. I hear such different accounts of you as puzzle me exceedingly.

DARCY. (*Gravely.*) I can readily believe that reports may vary greatly with respect to me ; and I could wish, Miss Bennet, that you were not to sketch my character at the present moment, as there is reason to fear that the performance would reflect no credit on either of us.

ELIZABETH. But if I do not take your likeness now, I may never have another opportunity.

DARCY. (*Coldly.*) I would by no means suspend any pleasure of yours.

(*There are sounds of the breaking up of the card tables ; the players rise and mingle in the room. Darcy looks round.*)

COLLINS. (*Loudly.*) I know very well, madam, that when persons sit down to a card table they must take their chance of these things, and happily I am not in such circumstances as to make five shillings any object. There are, undoubtedly, many who could not say the same ; but, thanks to Lady Catherine de Bourgh, whom, I am happy to be able to say, I have for a patroness, I am removed far beyond the necessity of regarding little matters.

(*There is a suppressed titter from several of the ladies, including Miss Bingley and Mrs. Hurst. Elizabeth looks annoyed, and blushes.*)

ELIZABETH. (*Rapidly, hardly knowing what she says, but trying to hide the ill-breeding of Mr. Collins.*) Mr. Collins seems to have been unfortunate—he is not staying with us much longer. Did you hear he is engaged to be married to Miss Lucas ? They have invited me to spend a few weeks with them in March—after they are married, that is——

DARCY. Yes ; he apologized for addressing me just now, spoke of my aunt Lady de Bourgh. I heard that the living at Rosings was vacant. I suppose she has presented him with it.



ELIZABETH. I see they are making their adieux ; excuse me, I must go. (*She walks to the group round the tables, and the scene closes to the sound of 'good-byes'.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III. SCENE, I

(*In the month of March.*)

*The drawing-room at Rosings, after dinner. The ladies present, LADY DE BOURGH, her daughter, MRS. JENKINSON, CHARLOTTE LUCAS now MRS. COLLINS, and ELIZABETH, are seated in a group, awaiting the gentlemen. The room is very stiff and formal, yet gaudy in colouring, and there is an atmosphere of coldness which makes it unhomely.*

LADY DE BOURGH. That was too large a joint, Mrs. Collins, that you showed me this morning ; such a quantity of meat at once is wasteful. Then, you should keep your milk in a cooler place ; I found your dairy intolerably hot.

MRS. COLLINS. But, madam, it is the coolest place we have.

LADY DE B. (*To Elizabeth.*) You seem a very genteel kind of girl—have you any sisters ?

ELIZABETH. Yes, madam, three.

LADY DE B. Are any of them likely to be married ? are they handsome ?

ELIZABETH. Perhaps I do not judge fairly ; but I think them so.

LADY DE B. (*Turning to Mrs. Collins.*) How much are you accustomed to spend every week on your housekeeping ?

MRS. COLLINS. Really ma'am, I can hardly say all at once.

LADY DE B. Then you should be able to ! I do not believe that your husband is saving anything. It is most reprehensible.

MRS. COLLINS. But, madam—

LADY DE B. Don't answer me in that way. I say it is not seemly, not fitting. (*She turns to Elizabeth.*) Your father's estate is entailed on Mr. Collins, I think? (*To Mrs. Collins.*) For your sake I am glad; but otherwise I see no reason for entailing estates from the female line. (*Proudly.*) It was not thought necessary in Sir Lewis de Bourgh's family. Do you play and sing, Miss Bennet?

ELIZABETH. A little.

LADY DE B. Oh, then, some time or other we shall be happy to hear you. Our instrument is a capital one, probably superior to any you have ever seen. You shall try it some day. Do your sisters play and sing?

ELIZABETH. One of them does.

LADY DE B. (*Sharply.*) Why did you not all learn? The Miss Webbs all play, and their father has not so good an income as yours. Do you draw?

ELIZABETH. No, not at all.

LADY DE B. (*In astonishment.*) What, none of you?

ELIZABETH. Not one.

LADY DE B. That is very strange. But I suppose you had no opportunity. Your mother should have taken you to town every spring for the benefit of masters.

ELIZABETH. My mother would have no objection, but my father hates London.

LADY DE B. Has your governess left you?

ELIZABETH. We never had any governess.

LADY DE B. No governess! Who taught you? You must have been neglected.

ELIZABETH. Compared with some families, I believe we were. But we were always encouraged to read, and had all the masters that were necessary.

LADY DE B. (*Grandly.*) Ah! if I had known your mother, I should have advised her most strenuously to engage a governess. Nobody but a governess can give steady, regular instruction. It is wonderful how many families

I have been the means of supplying in that way. Mrs. Collins, did I tell you of Lady Metcalfe's calling yesterday to thank me ?

MRS. COLLINS. No, madam.

LADY DE B. Yes, she finds Miss Pope a treasure. 'Lady Catherine,' said she, 'you have given me a treasure.'

MRS. JENKINSON. (*Quietly to Miss de Bourgh.*) Are you not too cold there ?

MISS DE B. No, thank you.

MRS. JENKINSON. Is the light to your liking ?

MISS DE B. Yes, thank you.

LADY DE B. Are any of your younger sisters out, Miss Bennet ?

ELIZABETH. Yes, ma'am, all.

LADY DE B. All ! what, all four daughters out at once ! Very odd ! And you the second ! The younger out before the elder are married ! Your younger sisters must be very young.

ELIZABETH. Yes, the youngest is not sixteen. But really, ma'am, I think it would be very hard upon younger sisters that they should not have their share of society and amusements because the elder may not have the means or inclination to marry early. I think it would not be very likely to promote sisterly affection or delicacy of mind.

LADY DE B. Upon my word, you give your opinion very decidedly for so young a person. Pray, what is your age ?

ELIZABETH. (*Smiling.*) With two younger sisters grown up, your ladyship can hardly expect me to own it.

LADY DE B. (*Astonished at her reply.*) You cannot be more than twenty, I am sure ; therefore you need not conceal your age.

ELIZABETH. I am not one-and-twenty.

MISS JENKINSON. (*To Miss de Bourgh.*) Are you sure you are not in a draught ?

MISS DE B. Thank you, I am comfortable.

MISS JENKINSON. I fear you are tired with our ride this morning.

MISS DE B. Thank you, no.

*(Enter the gentlemen, Mr. Collins, Mr. Darcy, and Colonel Fitzwilliam, his cousin.)*

COLLINS. *(In a loud voice.)* . . . a monstrous fine dinner, and so well served. *(To Lady de Bourgh.)* I was saying to these gentlemen that we have had a very splendid dinner, owing to your ladyship's great condescension.

*(Fitzwilliam walks over to Elizabeth, Darcy sits by himself, Mr. Collins takes a chair near Lady de Bourgh. Coffee is served.)*

FITZWILLIAM. You come, I hear, from Hertfordshire ; it is a county that I am very fond of, though I have never been to—Meryton, isn't it ? How do you like Kent ?

ELIZABETH. It is very beautiful ; that is, as much of it as I have seen.

FITZWILLIAM. You have never been in this district before ?

ELIZABETH. No, I seldom go from home, save when I visit relations in town.

FITZWILLIAM. Ah ! I on the other hand am always roaming—never anywhere for very long. A regular bird of passage.

LADY DE B. What is that you are saying, Fitzwilliam ? What is it you are talking of ? What are you telling Miss Bennet ? Let me hear what it is.

FITZWILLIAM. *(To Elizabeth, as though not hearing.)* Do not forget that you promised at dinner to give me some music.

ELIZABETH. I will not, if I get an opportunity.

LADY DE B. Did you not hear me, Fitzwilliam ? Of what are you talking, I say ?

FITZWILLIAM. *(No longer able to avoid a reply.)* At the moment, madam, we were talking of music.

LADY DE B. Of music ! Then pray speak aloud. It is

of all subjects my delight. There are few people in England, I suppose, who have more true enjoyment of music than myself, or a better natural taste. If I had ever learned, I should have been a great proficient. And so would Anne.—How does Georgiana get on, Darcy?

DARCY. She is really improving very fast, madam. She has, I believe, a delicate touch.

LADY DE B. I am very glad to hear it; pray tell her from me that she cannot expect to excel if she does not practise a great deal.

DARCY. I assure you, madam, that she does not need such advice. She practises very constantly.

LADY DE B. So much the better. I have told Miss Bennet here, several times, that she will never play really well unless she practises more. Though Mrs. Collins has no instrument, she is very welcome to come to Rosings every day, and play on the pianoforte in Mrs. Jenkinson's room. It is probably as good as any she has been accustomed to, and she would be in nobody's way, you know, in *that* part of the house.

*(They have now finished coffee.)*

FITZWILLIAM. *(Quietly to Elizabeth.)* Now are you ready to redeem your promise? *(Elizabeth rises, and seats herself at the piano. Darcy saunters across, as if by accident.)*

MRS. JENKINSON. *(To Lady de B.)* Have you noticed that Miss de Bourgh looks pale to-night?

LADY DE B. No. Are you well, Anne? Do you feel cold? Perhaps you are tired.

MISS DE B. No, thank you, I am well.

*(During the conversation at the piano Mr. and Mrs. Collins talk in dumb show to Lady de B.)*

ELIZABETH. *(To Darcy.)* You mean to frighten me, Mr. Darcy, by coming in all this state to hear me. But I will not be alarmed, though your sister *does* play so well. My courage always rises with every attempt to intimidate me.

DARCY. I shall not say you are mistaken, because you could not really believe me to entertain any design of alarming you ; and I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance long enough to know that you find great enjoyment in occasionally professing opinions which, in fact, are not your own.

ELIZABETH. (*Laughing, to Fitzwilliam.*) Your cousin will give you a very pretty notion of me, and teach you not to believe a word I say. I am particularly unlucky in meeting with a person so well able to expose my real character, in a part of the world where I had hoped to pass myself off with some degree of credit. (*Turning to Darcy.*) But give me leave to say it is very impolitic, too, for it is provoking me to retaliate.

DARCY. (*Smiling.*) I am not afraid of you.

FITZWILLIAM. Pray let me hear ; I should like to know how he behaves among strangers.

ELIZABETH. You shall hear then ; but prepare for something very dreadful. The first time I saw him in Hertfordshire, you must know, was at a ball, and what do you think he did ? He danced only four dances ! I am sorry to expose you, Mr. Darcy, but you cannot deny the fact.

DARCY. I had not at that time the honour of knowing any lady in the assembly beyond my own party.

ELIZABETH. True ; and nobody can ever be introduced in a ball-room ! Well, Colonel Fitzwilliam, what shall I play ? My fingers wait your orders.

FITZWILLIAM. I have opened the music where I should like you to play, if you please.

(*Elizabeth plays.*)

DARCY. (*As she finishes.*) Perhaps I should have judged better, if I had sought an introduction ; but I am ill-qualified to recommend myself to strangers.

ELIZABETH. (*To Fitzwilliam.*) Shall we ask your cousin the reason of this ?

FITZWILLIAM. I can answer your question, without applying to him. It is because he will not give himself the trouble.

DARCY. I certainly have not the talent which some people possess, of conversing easily with those I have never seen before. I cannot catch their tone, or appear to be interested in their concerns.

ELIZABETH. My fingers do not move over this instrument in a masterly manner. But then I have always supposed it to be my fault (*she looks archly at Darcy*), because I would not take the trouble of practising.

DARCY. (*Smiling.*) You are perfectly right. We neither of us perform to strangers.

LADY DE B. What are you talking of? Is it music again? (*Elizabeth idly turns over a page, and plays again—Lady Catherine rises and comes to the piano, where she watches critically—a pause, then, to Darcy.*) Miss Bennet would not play amiss if she practised more. She has a fair notion of fingering. Her taste is not equal to Anne's, though.

COLLINS. (*Coming to the group.*) I fear we have trespassed too long on your hospitality; may I be permitted to bid you adieu?

LADY DE B. I should be glad if Mrs. Collins, and you (*to Elizabeth*), Miss Bennet, would accept the carriage to convey you home.

COLLINS. It is, indeed, magnificently kind of you to offer it; if it will not in any way be inconveniencing you, we shall very gratefully and with reverence avail ourselves of your kindness.

LADY DE B. Fitzwilliam, ring, please. (*Fitzwilliam rings—enter a servant.*) Tell Jackson to bring round the closed carriage as soon as possible.

SERVANT. Yes, madam. (*Exit.*)

LADY DE B. Come and warm yourselves by the fire till

the carriage comes ; I am convinced we shall have a very sharp touch of frost to-night.

(*They move towards the fire.*)

CURTAIN.

### ACT III. SCENE II

(*Some days later.*)

*The parlour of the Vicarage at Hunsford, Kent.* ELIZABETH BENNET is seated alone. *The room is meagrely furnished, and appears dusty in the afternoon sunlight.*

*There is a ring at the bell ; after a minute Darcy enters, looking ill at ease.*

DARCY. (*Hurriedly.*) I called to inquire after your health, to—hear if—that you were better after your indisposition.

ELIZABETH. (*Coldly.*) I am quite well again, thank you, Mr. Darcy.

(*Darcy walks about restlessly, and is evidently agitated ; for awhile he says nothing, then.*)

DARCY. In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you. (*Elizabeth stares, in great astonishment, but says nothing.*) I cannot tell you how my pride rebels against this declaration, but I cannot help myself. Ever since I first saw you I have been greatly interested in you. My interest has grown ; daily, hourly, I have thought more and more of you, till my affection for you has conquered all else—my upbringing, my associations, all my past life have been in arms against me, but (*with a gesture of helplessness*) in vain. I cannot pretend you are socially my equal ; I *do not* pretend that I do not feel it a degradation—you must see the members of your family, their manners, the paltry nature of their outlook, all these things wound me in my deepest nature. But still, I cannot help myself ; my love will brook no opposition, and I have



come to ask you to share my life with me. May I hope that my sacrifices will be rewarded by the bestowal of your hand?

ELIZABETH. (*Calmly, yet with some heat.*) In such cases as this, it is, I believe, the established mode to express a sense of obligation for the sentiments avowed, however unequally they may be returned. If I could *feel* grateful, I would thank you. But I cannot. I have never desired your good opinion, and you have certainly bestowed it most unwillingly. I hope it will not have long duration. The feelings, which you tell me have long prevented the acknowledgement of your regard, can have little difficulty in overcoming it after the confession that I do not care for you at all.

(*Darcy becomes pale with anger, and struggles for composure.*)

DARCY. And this is all the reply which I am to have the honour of expecting! I might, perhaps, wish to be informed why, with so little *endeavour* at civility, I am thus rejected. But it is of small importance.

ELIZABETH. I might as well inquire why, with so evident a design of offending and insulting me, you chose to tell me that you liked me against your will, against your reason? Was not this some excuse for incivility, if I *was* uncivil? But I have other provocations. You know I have. Had not my own feelings decided against you, had they even been favourable, do you think any consideration would tempt me to accept the man who has been the means of ruining, perhaps for ever, the happiness of my beloved sister? (*Darcy changes colour.*) No motive can excuse the unjust and ungenerous part you acted there. You dare not, you cannot, deny that you have been the only means of dividing them<sup>1</sup> from each other, of exposing one to the censure of the world for caprice and instability, the other to its derision for disappointed hopes. (*He looks unconcerned.*) Can you deny that you have done it?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Jane and Bingley.

DARCY. (*With assumed tranquillity.*) I have no wish to deny that I did everything in my power to separate my friend from your sister, or that I rejoice in my success. Towards *him* I have been kinder than towards myself.

ELIZABETH. But it is not merely this affair on which my dislike is founded. Your character was unfolded in the recital which I received months ago from Mr. Wickham. On this subject what can you have to say? In what imaginary act of friendship can you here defend yourself?

DARCY. (*With less composure.*) You take an eager interest in that gentleman's concerns.

ELIZABETH. Who that knows what his misfortunes have been can help feeling an interest in him?

DARCY. (*Contemptuously.*) His misfortunes! Yes, his misfortunes have been great indeed.

ELIZABETH. And of your infliction. (*With energy.*) You have reduced him to his present state—comparative poverty. You have withheld the advantages which you must know to have been designed for him. You have deprived him in the best years of his life of that independence which was no less his due than his desert. You have done all this, and yet you can treat the mention of his misfortunes with contempt and ridicule.

DARCY. (*Walking quickly up and down.*) And this is your opinion of me! This is the estimation in which you hold me! I thank you for explaining it so fully. My faults, according to this calculation, are heavy indeed! But perhaps (*he stops and looks at her*) these offences might have been overlooked, had not your pride been hurt by my honest confession of the scruples that so long prevented my forming any serious design. But I am not ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just. Can you expect me to rejoice in the inferiority of your connexions? To congratulate myself on the hope of relations whose condition in life is so decidedly beneath my own?

ELIZABETH. (*Angrier than ever, but speaking quietly.*) You are mistaken, Mr. Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner. (*Darcy starts.*) You could not have made the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it. (*He looks astonished and mortified.*) From the very beginning—from the first moment, I may almost say, of my acquaintance with you, your manners impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others, were such as to form that groundwork of disapprobation on which succeeding events have built so immovable a dislike ; and I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry.

DARCY. (*With hauteur.*) You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly comprehend your feelings, and have now only to be ashamed of what my own have been. Forgive me for having taken up so much of your time, and accept my best wishes for your health and happiness. (*Exit hastily.*)

ELIZABETH. (*To herself.*) To receive an offer of marriage from Mr. Darcy ! He has been in love with me for months—so much in love as to wish to marry me, though he persuaded Bingley to give up poor Jane ! It is gratifying. But his pride, his abominable pride ! The unfeeling manner in which he mentioned Mr. Wickham ! He did not attempt to deny his cruelty towards him. (*She is obviously in a very agitated state.*)

*The Curtain descends, and rises two hours later. It is now twilight, but ELIZABETH is still sitting thinking. Enter a maid ; she hands a letter to ELIZABETH.* •

MAID. If you please, Miss, Mr. Darcy sent this letter with

his compliments, and begs that you will do him the honour of reading it. Shall I light the lamp ?

ELIZABETH. If you please. (*Exit maid after lighting the lamp. Elizabeth breaks the seal and reads. At first she sits calmly on the sofa ; but as she proceeds, she rises and paces the room, repeating portions of the letter aloud.*) 'Be not alarmed, madam, that this letter contains any repetition of those sentiments, or renewal of those offers, which were this afternoon so disgusting to you. . . . Two offences of a very different nature, and by no means of equal magnitude, you laid to my charge. But from the severity of the blame which you so liberally bestowed, I shall hope to be in future secured, when the following account has been read. (*Long pause while she reads to herself.*) . . . when I was first made acquainted that Bingley's attentions to your sister had given rise to a general expectation of their marriage. I observed my friend, and perceived that his partiality was beyond what I had ever witnessed in him.' (*Aside*);—You cold, calculating man. 'Your sister I also watched, and I was convinced that she did not invite his attentions by any participation of sentiment.'—You mean you wished to believe that she did not.—But I must read on. 'If you have not been mistaken here, I must have been in error. I was desirous of believing her indifferent.'—Ah ! exactly. (*Another pause, while she reads on to herself.*) ' . . . total want of propriety, so frequently, so almost uniformly betrayed by your mother, by your younger sisters. Pardon me ; it pains me to offend you. . . . If I have wounded your sister's feelings, it was unknowingly done.'—I don't believe it. 'With respect to that other charge, of having injured Mr. Wickham, I can only refute it by detailing his history. . . . 'You can't refute it, it's true. 'My father supported him at school, and at Cambridge ; he was not only fond of his society, but he had also the highest opinion of him, and intended to provide for him in the Church.'—That's what

Mr. Wickham said. 'My excellent father died about five years ago; in his will he particularly charged me to promote Mr. Wickham's advancement, by giving him a valuable living as soon as it became vacant.'—Why didn't you then? 'He also left him one thousand pounds in money. Within a year Mr. Wickham wrote that he had finally resolved against taking orders'—He didn't tell *me* that.—'and that he hoped I should not think it unreasonable for him to expect some pecuniary advantages in lieu of the living. I knew Mr. Wickham ought not to be a clergyman.'—Oh, did you? 'The vicious propensities, the want of principle, which he was careful to hide from his best friend—my father—could not escape the observation of a young man of his own age.'—Of course you would say so!—'The business was settled for three thousand pounds. For some years I saw no more of him, but on the death of the incumbent of the living which was to have been his, he applied for the presentation. You will hardly blame me for refusing to comply with this entreaty.' (*Reluctantly.*) No, I suppose not.

'This, madam, is a faithful account; and if you do not absolutely reject it as false, I hope you will acquit me of cruelty towards Mr. Wickham. You may perhaps wonder why all this was not told you this afternoon. But I was not then master enough of myself to know what could or ought to be revealed. If your abhorrence of me should make my assertions valueless, you cannot be prevented by the same cause from confiding in my cousin, Colonel Fitzwilliam, who can vouch for the truth of everything here related. I will only add, God bless you—Fitzwilliam Darcy.' (*A long pause—Elizabeth stares at the letter, standing motionless.*) It can't be true, and yet, and yet—he asks me to appeal to Colonel Fitzwilliam; he would never have dared propose it, if he were not sure of corroboration. Now I reflect, what do I know of Wickham? It is his manner that has made me think him possessed of every virtue;

but I cannot recollect *any* trait of real goodness. (*Pause.*) And now I consider the matter, how improper it was of him to speak to me as he did after so short an acquaintance. How improper on my part to have allowed him to do so !

Of neither Darcy nor Wickham can I think without feeling that I have been blind, partial, prejudiced, and absurd. How despicably I have acted ! I, who have prided myself on my discernment ! How humiliating is this discovery ! Had I been in love, I could not have been more blind. But vanity, not love, has been my folly. Offended by Mr. Darcy's neglect, at the very beginning of our acquaintance, I courted prepossession and drove away reason. Till this moment I never knew myself.

CURTAIN.

#### ACT IV

(*Summer of the same year.*)

*A room in MR. DARCY'S house—Pemberley—in Derbyshire. The walls are covered with large pictures, except over the fireplace, where there are several miniatures. Enter MRS. REYNOLDS, the housekeeper, followed by ELIZABETH BENNET and her uncle and aunt, MR. and MRS. GARDINER, who are staying in the neighbourhood, and have walked over, in MR. DARCY'S absence, to see the portions of the house which are shown to strangers.*

MRS. REYNOLDS. This room was my late master's favourite room. It remains just as he left it. My master has changed nothing.

ELIZABETH. (*To herself.*) And of this place I might have been mistress ! Instead of viewing this room as a stranger, I might have rejoiced in it as my own, and welcomed my uncle and aunt as visitors here. But no, my uncle and aunt would have been lost to me ; I should not have been allowed to invite them. (*They look round the room.*)

GARDINER. Did you say, madam, that your master is absent? (*Elizabeth turns away in alarm.*)

MRS. REYNOLDS. He is, sir; but we expect him to-morrow, with a large party of friends.

ELIZABETH. (*To Mrs. Gardiner.*) How glad I am that our journey was not delayed one day!

MRS. GARDINER. (*Walking over to the fireplace, and examining the miniatures.*) Come here, Lizzy. (*She smiles.*) How do you like that?

MRS. REYNOLDS. (*Coming forward.*) That is the picture of a young gentleman, a Mr. Wickham, the son of my late master's steward, who was brought up at his expense. He has now gone into the army, but I am afraid he has turned out very wild. And that (*pointing to another miniature*) is my master, and very like him. It was drawn at the same time as the other—about eight years ago.

MRS. GARDINER. I have heard much of your master's fine person; it is a handsome face. But, Lizzy, you can tell us whether it is like or not.

MRS. REYNOLDS. (*With increased respect.*) Does that young lady know Mr. Darcy?

ELIZABETH. (*In some confusion.*) A little.

MRS. REYNOLDS. And do not you think him a very handsome gentleman, ma'am?

ELIZABETH. Yes; very handsome.

MRS. REYNOLDS. I am sure *I* know none so handsome; but in the gallery upstairs you will see a finer, larger picture of him than this. This (*pointing to another*) is Miss Darcy, drawn when she was only eight years old.

GARDINER. And is Miss Darcy as handsome as her brother?

MRS. REYNOLDS. Ah yes—the handsomest young lady that ever was seen, and so accomplished! She plays and sings all day long. Here (*pointing to a piano*) is a new instrument just come down for her, a present from my master. She comes here to-morrow with him.

GARDINER. Is your master much at Pemberley in the course of the year?

MRS. REYNOLDS. Not so much as I could wish, sir; but I daresay he may spend half his time here; and Miss Darcy is always down for the summer months.

GARDINER. If your master would marry, you might see more of him.

MRS. REYNOLDS. Yes, sir; but I do not know when that will be. (*Enthusiastically*) I do not know who is good enough for him. (*Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner smile.*)

ELIZABETH. It is very much to his credit, I am sure, that you should think so.

MRS. REYNOLDS. (*Warmly.*) I say no more than the truth, and what everybody will say that knows him. (*Elizabeth looks astonished.*) I have never had a cross word from him in my life, and I have known him ever since he was four years old.

GARDINER. There are very few people of whom so much can be said. You are lucky in having such a master.

MRS. REYNOLDS. Yes, sir, I know I am. If I were to go through the world, I could not meet with a better. But I have always observed that they who are good-natured when children are good-natured when they grow up; and he was always the sweetest-tempered, most generous-hearted boy in the world.

ELIZABETH. (*Under her breath, open-eyed.*) Can this be Mr. Darcy?

MRS. GARDINER. His father was an excellent man, I have heard.

MRS. REYNOLDS. Yes, ma'am, that he was indeed; and his son will be just like him—just as affable to the poor. But you are missing the rest of the furniture here, and it is among the best in the house. This is a famous old chair, sir (*she shows a chair*), and it is reported that a royal prince once admired it. That picture was painted by Sir Joshua



Reynolds; while this ornament was a gift from His Majesty James the Second to Mr. Hugo Darcy in 1687.

GARDINER. (*Rather amused by her praise of Mr. Darcy.*) How does he get on with his tenants, madam?

MRS. REYNOLDS. He is the best landlord, and the best master that ever lived—not like the wild young men nowadays, who think of nothing but themselves. There is not one of his tenants or servants but what will give him a good name. Some people call him proud; but I am sure I never saw anything of it. To my fancy, it is only because he does not rattle away like other young men.

ELIZABETH. (*To herself.*) In what an amiable light does this place him!

MRS. GARDINER. (*Whispering to her.*) This fine account of him is not quite consistent with his behaviour to our friend Mr. Wickham.

ELIZABETH. Perhaps we have been deceived.

MRS. GARDINER. That is not very likely; our authority was too good.

MRS. REYNOLDS. I will now show you Miss Darcy's sitting-room, fitted up very elegantly to give her pleasure, as she took a liking to it when last at Pemberley.

ELIZABETH. He is certainly a good brother.

MRS. REYNOLDS. You will be able to judge of what Miss Darcy's delight will be when she enters the room. And this is always the way with him. Whatever can give his sister any pleasure is sure to be done in a moment. There is nothing he would not do for her.

(*Mrs. Reynolds leads the way; Elizabeth comes last.*

*As she is just going out, a door opens on the opposite side of the room. She turns, and sees Darcy enter the room. He starts, and Elizabeth blushes.*)

DARCY. (*Coming forward, speaking in a pleased tone.*) How do you do, Miss Bennet? I did not know that you were in this neighbourhood.

ELIZABETH. No—of course—we—my uncle and aunt are spending a holiday and we came—but we were told you were away. (*Her voice dies away.*)

DARCY. I am gratified that you came to see my home ; may I hope that you have been pleased with—— ?

GARDINER. (*Opening the door, and looking in.*) Come along, Lizzy, we are waiting—— (*He sees Darcy.*)

DARCY. Will you do me the honour of introducing me ?

ELIZABETH. (*To herself, smiling.*) What will be his surprise, when he knows ! He must take them for people of fashion. (*Aloud.*) Uncle Gardiner, Mr. Darcy ; Mr. Darcy, this is my Uncle Gardiner. (*Darcy bows, and his bow is returned.*)

DARCY. I was saying to Miss Elizabeth Bennet that I hoped she was pleased with my home. But I must show you the grounds, and the stream, which is considered the best part of them. The fishing is good, I have reason to know, and there are some portions of undoubted beauty.

GARDINER. Ah ! you are a fisherman, Mr. Darcy. I was admiring the Derbyshire streams the other day from that point of view.

DARCY. Do you enjoy the sport, sir ? If so, I hope you will come and fish here as often as you choose, while you are in the neighbourhood.

GARDINER. You are very kind, sir, but I regret I did not bring rod or tackle.

DARCY. I should be gratified, sir, if you would make use of any or all of mine. One of the keepers will fit you out when you please, if I do not happen to be at home.

ELIZABETH. (*Aside.*) Why is he so altered ? From what can it proceed ? It cannot be for *me*, it cannot be for *my* sake that his manners are thus softened. My reproofs at Hunsford could not work such a change as this. It is impossible that he should *still* love me. I *must* speak. (*To Darcy in a low voice.*) I should wish you to know,

Mr. Darcy (Mr. Gardiner turns away and examines a picture, feeling that she has something private to say), that I had been assured of your absence before I came here. Your house-keeper informed us, also, that you would certainly not be here till to-morrow.

DARCY. That is true ; but business caused me to come on a few hours before the rest of the party—they will join me early in the morning, and among them are some with whom you are acquainted—Mr. Bingley and his sisters. (*A constrained pause.*) There is also one other person in the party who particularly wishes to be known to you. Will you allow me, or do I ask too much, to introduce my sister to your acquaintance ?

ELIZABETH. (*In a very low voice.*) Oh ! Mr. Darcy, do not think so meanly of me.

DARCY. That is settled, then. (*To Mr. Gardiner.*) May I join your party, sir ? Will you do me the honour to present me to Mrs. Gardiner ? (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT V. SCENE I

(*Some months later.*)

*The morning-room at Longbourn.* MRS. BENNET, JANE, ELIZABETH, and KITTY are sitting together.

(*Enter a Servant, followed by MR. BINGLEY.*)

SERVANT. Mr. Bingley, ma'am. (*Exit.*)

MRS. BENNET. My dear Mr. Bingley, I am quite delighted to see you.

(*He shakes hands with her, kisses Jane, and then with a smile greets Elizabeth and Kitty like a brother. He is just sitting down, when there is a violent peal at the bell.*)

MRS. BENNET. How tiresome ! who can that be ?

BINGLEY. Come, Jane, that is a visitor, I know. Let us go out before we are prevented. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter the Servant, followed by Lady de Bourgh.*)

SERVANT. Lady de Bourgh, ma'am. (*Exit.*)

ELIZABETH. (*To her mother.*) Mr. Collins's patroness, mamma. (*Mrs. Bennet and Elizabeth curtsy, Lady de Bourgh responds by a slight inclination of the head.*)

LADY DE B. (*After a pause.*) I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?

ELIZABETH. She is.

LADY DE B. And *that*, I suppose, is one of your sisters?

MRS. BENNET. (*Breaking in, with delight.*) Yes, madam, she is my youngest. My eldest is somewhere about the grounds, walking with a young man, who will soon become a part of the family.

LADY DE B. You have a very small park here.

MRS. BENNET. It is nothing in comparison with Rosings, my lady, I daresay; but I assure you it is much larger than Sir William Lucas's.

LADY DE B. This must be a most inconvenient sitting-room for the evening in summer; the windows are full west.

MRS. BENNET. We never sit here after dinner. May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?

LADY DE B. Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last.

MRS. BENNET. Will your ladyship take some refreshment—wine and—er?

LADY DE B. (*Somewhat rudely.*) Nothing, thanks. (*Turning to Elizabeth and rising.*) Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to see it as I have something to say to you.

MRS. BENNET. (*Hastily.*) There is no need, your ladyship; Kitty and I will leave you. Come Kitty. (*Exeunt Mrs. Bennet and Kitty.*)

LADY DE B. You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to

understand the reason of my journey here. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come.

ELIZABETH. (*Astonished.*) Indeed, you are mistaken, madam ; I have not been at all able to account for the honour of seeing you here.

LADY DE B. (*Angrily.*) Miss Bennet, you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere *you* may choose to be, you shall not find *me* so. I was told that *you*, Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon united to (*very loftily*) my nephew—my own nephew, Mr. Darcy ! Though I *know* it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose it to be possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you.

ELIZABETH. (*Colouring with astonishment and disdain.*) If you believed it impossible, I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it ?

LADY DE B. At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted.

ELIZABETH. (*Coolly.*) Your coming to Longbourn to see me and my family will be rather a confirmation of it—if, indeed, such a report is in existence.

LADY DE B. If ! Do you then pretend to be in ignorance of it ? Do you not know that such a report is spread abroad ?

ELIZABETH. I never heard that it was.

LADY DE B. And can you likewise declare there is no *foundation* for it ?

ELIZABETH. I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. *You* may ask questions which *I* shall not choose to answer.

LADY DE B. This is not to be borne. Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage ?

ELIZABETH. Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible,

LADY DE B. It ought to be so ; it must be so while he retains the use of his reason. But in a moment of infatuation, he may have forgotten. You may have drawn him in.

ELIZABETH. If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it.

LADY DE B. (*Loftily.*) Miss Bennet, do you know who I am ? I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns.

ELIZABETH. But you are not entitled to know *mine*. Nor will such behaviour as this ever induce me to be explicit.

LADY DE B. Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place—no, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to *my daughter*. Now, what have you to say ?

ELIZABETH. Only this, that if he is, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me.

LADY DE B. (*After hesitating a moment.*) The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy they have been intended for each other. It was the favourite wish of *his* mother, as well as mine. Do you pay no attention to the wishes of his friends ? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy ? Have you not heard me say, before now, that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin ?

ELIZABETH. Yes ; I had heard it at Rosings. But what is that to me ? I should certainly not be kept from marrying him, by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss de Bourgh. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honour nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is he not to make another choice ? And if I were that choice, why may not I accept him ?

LADY DE B. Because decorum, prudence, nay interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest ; for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends if you wilfully act against the wishes of all. Your alliance will be a disgrace.

ELIZABETH. These are heavy misfortunes ; but the wife of Mr. Darcy could still, upon the whole, have no cause to repine.

LADY DE B. Obstinate, headstrong girl ! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring ? You are to understand, Miss, that I came here with the determined resolution of carrying my purpose. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment.

ELIZABETH. *That* will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable, but it will have no effect upon *me*.

LADY DE B. I will not be interrupted. If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you have been brought up.

ELIZABETH. He is a gentleman, I am a gentleman's daughter ; so far we are equal.

LADY DE B. True ; you *are* a gentleman's daughter. But who was your mother ? Who are your uncles and aunts ?

ELIZABETH. Whatever my connexions may be, if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to *you*.

LADY DE B. Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him ?

ELIZABETH. I am not.

LADY DE B. (*Pleased.*) And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement ?

ELIZABETH. I will make no promise of the kind.

LADY DE B. Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished. But I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require.

ELIZABETH. And I certainly *never* shall give it. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter. But would my giving you the wished-for promise make *their* marriage any more probable ? You have insulted me in several ways. I must beg to leave the subject.

LADY DE B. You have no regard, then, for the honour and credit of my nephew ! Unfeeling, selfish girl. Do you not see that you must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody ?

ELIZABETH. I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments.

LADY DE B. You are resolved, then, to have him ?

ELIZABETH. I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to *you*.

LADY DE B. And this is your final resolve ! Very well ! I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine that your ambition will ever be realized. (*She rises.*) I take no leave of you. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased. (*She stalks out, before Elizabeth can reach the door.*)

ELIZABETH. (*Pondering.*) She will probably appeal to her nephew ; how will he take the representation of the evils attached to a connexion with me ? With his notions of dignity, he will probably feel that the arguments, which to me appear weak, contain much good sense. (*She sighs.*) . . . If he is satisfied with only regretting me, when he might have obtained my affections and hand, I shall soon cease to regret him at all.

(*Enter Mr. Bennet with a letter in his hand.*)

BENNET. Ah ! Lizzy ! I was looking for you. I have received a letter this morning that has astonished me exceedingly. I did not know before that I had *two* daughters on the brink of matrimony. (*Elizabeth blushes.*) You look conscious, but I think I may defy even your sagacity to discover the name of your admirer. This letter is from Mr. Collins.

\* ELIZABETH. From Mr. Collins ? What can he have to say ?

BENNET. Something very much to the purpose, of course. Let me see, where is it. (*He turns the pages of the letter.*) Oh, here it is. . . . ' Your daughter Elizabeth, it is presumed, will not long bear the name of Bennet ; and the chosen partner



of her fate may be reasonably looked up to as one of the most illustrious personages in the land.' Can you possibly guess, Lizzy, who is meant by that? 'Yet in spite of all, let me warn my Cousin Elizabeth . . . um. . . . We have reason to imagine that his aunt, Lady de Bourgh, does not look on the match with a friendly eye.' Mr. Darcy, you see, is the man! Now, Lizzy, confess I *have* surprised you? Mr. Darcy, who never looks at a woman but to see a blemish, and who, probably, never looked at *you* in his life! It is admirable! Are you not diverted? . . .

ELIZABETH. (*Smiling wanly.*) Oh, yes. I am exceedingly diverted. But it is so strange.

BENNET. Yes, *that* is what makes it amusing. Had they fixed on any other man, it would have been nothing; but his perfect indifference, and *your* pointed dislike make it so delightfully absurd. Ha, Ha, Ha! And pray, Lizzy, what said Lady Catherine about this report? Did she call to refuse her consent? (ELIZABETH *smiles, but is silent.*—*Enter Mrs. Bennet.*)

MRS. BENNET. Has Lady de Bourgh gone? I did not see her go.

ELIZABETH. Yes, ma'am; she did not choose to stay.

MRS. BENNET. She is a very fine-looking woman. And her calling here was prodigiously civil! For she only came, I suppose, to tell us the Collinses were well. (Mr. Bennet *goes to the door.*) Oh, Mr. Bennet, I want you a moment please. (*She follows him out.*)

ELIZABETH. (*To herself.*) I had to smile, when I should have liked to cry! Oh, father, how could you torture me in this way? But stay, perhaps he only sees what others see, and I have built too much on what was fancy.

CURTAIN.

## ACT V. SCENE II

*(Two days later.)*

*A lane near Longbourn.—There are trees at the back, and an oak fence, against which there is a rustic seat. Enter Jane and Bingley, chatting together as they saunter along, followed at the distance of a few paces by Elizabeth and Darcy. The former pair cross the stage and exeunt. Elizabeth looks forward and stays Darcy by a touch.*

ELIZABETH. Mr. Darcy, I am a selfish creature, and for the sake of giving relief to my feelings, I can no longer help thanking you for your kindness to my sister. When I see her so happy with Mr. Bingley, I—— *(She brushes away a tear.)*

DARCY. It is nothing, Miss Bennet.

ELIZABETH. But, indeed, it *is* something. When I recollect how averse you really are to the match, and what you once said—— I should like to know how it came about, for I *know* it must have been your doing.

DARCY. On the evening before my going to London—but you are standing, may I be permitted to lead you to that seat? *(they sit)*—I made a confession to him, which I believe I ought to have made long ago. I told him that I felt my former interference in his affairs impertinent. I said, moreover, that I believed myself mistaken in supposing, as I had done, that your sister was indifferent to him; and as I could easily perceive that his attachment to her was unabated, I felt no doubt of their happiness together.

— ELIZABETH. *(Smiling.)* Did you speak from your own observation, when you told him that Jane loved him, or merely from my information last spring?

DARCY. From the former. I had narrowly observed her during the two visits I had lately made to your home, and I was convinced of her affection.

ELIZABETH. And your assurance of it carried, I suppose, immediate conviction to him?

DARCY. It did. Bingley is most unaffectedly modest. Diffidence prevented his depending on his own judgement in so anxious a case, but his reliance on mine made everything easy. I was obliged to confess one thing, which, for a time, and not unjustly, offended him. I could not allow myself to conceal that your sister had been in town three months last winter, that I had known it, and purposely kept it from him. He has forgiven me now.

ELIZABETH. And you really did all this for us; I feel still more grateful, and if it were known to the rest of my family—— Let me thank you again and again for your generous dealings towards us.

DARCY. If you *will* thank me, let it be for yourself alone. That the wish of giving happiness to *you* might add force to the other inducements which led me on—a feeling of duty, dislike of insincerity—I shall not attempt to deny. But your family owe me nothing. Much as I respect them, I believe that, apart from your sister Jane, whom I feel I had wronged, I thought only of *you*. (*Pause.*) You are too generous to trifle with me. If your feelings are still what they were last April, tell me so at once.

ELIZABETH. (*In a smothered voice, looking anywhere but towards him.*) Oh! Mr. Darcy!

DARCY. *My* affection and wishes are unchanged; but one word from you will silence me on this subject for ever.

ELIZABETH. (*Speaking in a constrained voice, and with hesitation.*) My sentiments have undergone so material a change since then as to make me receive with gratitude and pleasure your present assurances.

DARCY. (*Bending over her hand and kissing it.*) Then I may now say what I have longed to say for months. How restless I have become; how impossible it has been for me to concentrate upon any subject, because I thought I had lost you. How my heart ached for you whenever I saw you——

ELIZABETH. (*Interrupting.*) Did your aunt call on you in London ?

DARCY. Indeed she did. Her visit taught me to hope again. I knew you well enough to be certain that, had you been absolutely decided against me, you would have acknowledged it to Lady de Bourgh frankly.

ELIZABETH. (*Laughing.*) Yes, you knew enough of my *frankness* to believe me capable of *that*. After abusing you so abominably to your face, I could have no scruple in abusing you to all your relations.

DARCY. What did you say of me that I did not deserve ? For, though your accusations were partly founded on mistaken premisses, my behaviour to you at the time had merited the severest reproof. It was unpardonable. I cannot think of it without abhorrence.

ELIZABETH. We will not quarrel for the greater share of the blame that evening. The conduct of neither of us was irreproachable ; but (*smiling*), since then we have both, I hope, improved in civility.

DARCY. I cannot be so easily reconciled to myself. The recollection of what I said then, of my conduct, my manners, my expressions during the whole of it, is now, and has been for many months, inexpressibly painful to me. Your reproof, so well applied, I shall never forget ; ‘ Had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner ’—those were your words. You know not, you can scarcely conceive, how they have tortured me ; though it was some time, I confess, before I was reasonable enough to allow their justice.

ELIZABETH. I was certainly very far from expecting them to make so strong an impression. I had not the smallest idea of their being ever felt in such a way.

DARCY. I can easily believe it. You thought me then devoid of every proper feeling—I am sure you did. I shall never forget what you said——

ELIZABETH. Oh, do not repeat what I then said.

DARCY. But I have been selfish all my life in practice. By you I was properly humbled. I came to you without a doubt of my reception. You showed me how insufficient were all my pretensions to please a woman worthy of being pleased.

ELIZABETH. (*Starting up.*) Oh, where can Jane and Bingley be? we must go after them or we shall never catch them.

DARCY. (*Rising.*) I had completely forgotten them; will you take my arm? (*Exeunt after Jane and Bingley.*)

CURTAIN.

### ACT V. SCENE III

(*The evening of the same day.*)

MR. BENNET'S study at Longbourn. The walls are covered with book-cases, except where a few good prints hang. A comfortable carpet and easy chairs give the room a very snug appearance. MR. BENNET, 'The Times' in his hand, is pacing restlessly up and down, while ELIZABETH stands by the table.

BENNET. (*Gravely.*) What are you doing? Are you out of your senses to be accepting this man? Have you not always hated him? You cannot be attached to him.

ELIZABETH. (*With some confusion.*) Father, I *am* attached to him.

BENNET. Or, in other words, you are determined to have him. He is rich, to be sure, and you may have more fine clothes and fine carriages than Jane. But will they make you happy?

ELIZABETH. Have you any other objection, sir, than your belief in my indifference?

BENNET. None at all. We all know him to be a proud, unpleasant sort of man; but this would be nothing if you *really* liked him.

ELIZABETH. (*Tears in her eyes.*) I do, I do like him—I love him. Indeed he has no improper pride. He is perfectly

amiable. You do not know what he really is; pray do not pain me by speaking of him in such terms.

BENNET. (*Solemnly.*) Lizzy, I have given my consent. He is the kind of man, indeed, to whom I should never dare to refuse anything which he condescended to ask. But let me advise you to think better of it. I know your disposition, Lizzy. I know that you could neither be happy nor respect yourself unless you truly esteemed your husband, unless you looked up to him as a superior. Your lively talents would place you in a most unhappy position in an unequal marriage. (*His voice breaks.*) My child, let me not have the grief of seeing you unable to respect your partner in life. You know not what you are about.

ELIZABETH. (*Deeply affected.*) Indeed, indeed, I am in earnest. I speak nothing but the truth. I *do* want to make *you* understand. My feelings, which I confess were founded on prejudice and a misconception of his real character, have gradually, during the past months, undergone a complete change. I am quite certain that his affection for me is true and abiding—it has stood the test of some months. He is just—all his servants and tenants love him; he has been kind, overkind, to Mr. Wickham, who has repaid him with base ingratitude; while his chivalrous consideration for my feelings I can never express even to you. Indeed, I do love him, but not half so well as he deserves.

BENNET. Well, my dear, I have no more to say. If this be the case he deserves you. I could not have parted with you, my Lizzy, to any one less worthy, for you know you have always been my favourite daughter. (*Enter Mrs. Bennet.*)

MRS. BENNET. Oh, my dear Mr. Bennet, I did not know that Lizzy was with you. We cannot get rid of that odious Mr. Darcy at all. *Do* come to our help.

BENNET. I can scarcely turn him out of the house—especially as he will soon be your son-in-law!

MRS. BENNET. (*Looking from one to the other.*) What? what are you talking about?

BENNET. I was saying that he will soon be your son-in-law. He has just proposed for the hand of your daughter Lizzy. (*Mrs. Bennet sinks heavily into a chair.*) And it is now a settled thing.

MRS. BENNET. Good gracious! Lord bless me! only think! dear me! Mr. Darcy? Who would have thought it? And is it really true? Oh, my sweetest Lizzy, how rich and how great you will be! What pin-money, what jewels, what carriages you will have! Jane's is nothing to it—nothing at all. I am so pleased, so happy. Such a charming man! so handsome, so tall. Oh, my dear Lizzy! pray apologize for my having disliked him so before. I hope he will overlook it! Dear, dear Lizzy. A house in town! Everything that is charming! Two daughters married! Ten thousand a year! O Lord! what will become of me? I shall go distracted!

(*Mr. Bennet seats himself at a table and begins to write.*)

BENNET. (*To Elizabeth.*) Now I understand your confusion of a day or so ago. Just a moment, and I shall have done.

MRS. BENNET. My dearest child! Ten thousand a year, and very likely more. 'Tis as good as a lord! and a special licence. You must and shall be married by a special licence. But, my dearest love, tell me what dish Mr. Darcy is particularly fond of, that I may have it to-morrow.

BENNET. (*Rising.*) Just listen to my reply to the letter of Mr. Collins which I read to you, Lizzy—'Dear Sir, I must trouble you once more for congratulations. Elizabeth will soon be the wife of Mr. Darcy. Console Lady Catherine as well as you can. But if I were you, I would stand by the nephew. He has more to give.—Yours Sincerely.'—(*He sits down again.*) And now, if any young men come for Mary or Kitty, send them in, for I am quite at leisure.

CURTAIN.

# MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT IN AMERICA

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, *a young Englishman, disappointed in his expectations.*

MARK TAPLEY, *his companion, formerly man at the Blue Dragon, Salisbury.*

COLONEL DIVER, *Editor of the 'New York Rowdy Journal'.*

JEFFERSON BRICK, *his war correspondent.*

MAJOR PAWKINS, *a boarding-house keeper.*

MR. BEVAN, *an American of means.*

MR. LA FAYETTE KETTLE.

GENERAL CHOKE.

MR. SCADDER, *agent for Eden Land Corporation.*

CAPTAIN KEDGICK, *manager of the National Hotel, Watertoast.*

A Gentleman.

HANNIBAL CHOLLOP, *an Edener.*

MR. ELIJAH POGRAM, *Member of Congress.*

OSCAR BUFFUM

DR. GINERY DUNKLE

MR. JODD

MR. IZZARD

MR. JULIUS BIB

COLONEL GROPER

PROFESSOR PIPER.

} *Boarders at the hotel, Watertoast.*

Various Citizens and Inhabitants of Eden.

PROFESSOR MULLET.

Reporters of *Watertoast Gazette.*

Captain of the *Screw.*

Mate.

Boarders at various hotels.

Emigrants and passengers on the boats.

A Negro Boy.

Woman emigrant and her children.

MRS. HOMINY.

MISS TOPPIT.

MISS CODGER.

Irish Servant at Major Pawkins's.

MRS. J. BRICK.



## ACT I. SCENE I

*'Between decks' on a sailing ship at sea, in the middle of the nineteenth century. There are bunks on all sides, filled with passengers, and a medley of less fortunate persons fills the open space in the middle. The whole scene is feebly lighted by several swinging lanterns. As the time is early morning, most of the passengers are still asleep, or slowly awakening to the discomforts of their position. The sound of the wind, the buffets of the waves, and the continual creaking and straining of the timbers add a touch of desolation to the uncomfortable appearance of the emigrants. Gradually the various figures, among them MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT and MARK TAPLEY, sit up in their bunks or on the floor, yawn, and stretch themselves.*

MARK. Well ! this is the first time as ever I stood on my head all night.

VOICE. *(From a neighbouring berth.)* You shouldn't go to sleep upon the ground with your head to leeward, then.'

MARK. With my head to where ?

VOICE. With your head to leeward.

MARK. No, I won't another time, when I know whereabouts on the map that country is. In the meanwhile I can give you a better piece of advice. Don't you nor any other friend of mine never go to sleep with his head in a ship any more.

VOICE. *(As the owner turns over in his bunk.)* Umph !

MARK. *(To himself.)* For the sea is as nonsensical a thing as any going. It never knows what to do with itself. It hasn't got no employment for its mind and is always in a state of wacancy. Like them Polar bears in the wild-beast shows as is constantly a-nodding their heads from side to side, it never *can* be quiet. Which is entirely owing to its uncommon stupidity.

MARTIN. (*Faintly from another bunk.*) Is that you, Mark?

MARK. It's as much of me as is left, sir, after a fortnight of this work. What with leading the life of a fly, ever since I've been aboard—for I've been perpetually holding-on to something or other, in a upside-down position—what with that, sir, and putting a very little into myself, and taking a good deal out of myself, there ain't too much of me to swear by. How do you find yourself this morning, sir?

MARTIN. Very miserable. Ugh! this is wretched indeed.

MARK. (*Aside.*) Creditable. (*He presses his hand to his aching head, and looks round with a rueful grin.*) That's a great comfort. It is creditable to keep up one's spirits here. Virtue's its own reward. So's jollity.

(*Meanwhile Mark has been dressing; near him a woman is dressing her three children, and others among the passengers are beginning the day's tasks. Men are preparing the breakfast utensils, women mending clothes.*)

MARK. (*To the woman.*) Now then, hand over one of them young 'uns according to custom. (*Exit woman.*)

MARTIN. (*Petulantly.*) I wish you'd get breakfast, Mark, instead of worrying with people who don't belong to you.

MARK. All right. She'll do that. It's a fair division of labour, sir. I wash her boys, and she makes our tea. I never *could* make tea, but any one can wash a boy.

MARTIN. Umph!

MARK. (*Brushing the boy's hair.*) So it is, certainly.

MARTIN. What are you talking about now?

MARK. What you said, or what you meant, when you gave that there dismal went to your feelings. I quite go along with it, sir. It *is* very hard upon her, sir.

MARTIN. What is?

MARK. Making the voyage by herself along with these young impediments here. (*He begins to wash the second boy's face.*) And going such a way at such a time of the year to join her husband.—(*To the boy.*) If you don't want to be

driven mad with yellow soap in your eye, young man, you'd better shut it.

MARTIN. Where does she join her husband ?

MARK. Why, I'm very much afraid (*in an undertone*) that she don't know. I hope she mayn't miss him. But she sent her last letter by hand, and if she don't see him a-waving his pocket-handkerchief on the shore, like a pictur out of a song-book, my opinion is she'll break her heart.

MARTIN. Why, how, in folly's name, does the woman come to be on board ship on such a wild-goose venture ?

MARK. Ah ! how indeed ! I can't think ! He's been away from her for two year ; she's been very poor and lonely in her own country, and has always been a-looking forward to meeting him. It's very strange she should be here. Quite amazing ! A little mad, perhaps.

(*Mark suddenly feels sick, and rushes away. The woman returns with some hot tea.*)

WOMAN. Here's your breakfast, sir.

MARTIN. Thanks ! Put it down, and in a minute I'll try to take some. (*Groans.*)

(*He sits up and begins to eat and drink. Mark comes back ; the passengers around greet him cheerfully as he returns, and make kindly inquiries as to how he feels, expressing hopes that he will soon be well.*)

MARK. (*To himself.*) If this was going to last, I'd begin to be afraid that the Fates was determined to make the world easy to me, so as I shouldn't get credit for being jolly.

MARTIN. Well, Mark, when will this be over ?

MARK. Another week, they say, sir, will most likely bring us into port. The ship's a-going along at present, as sensible as a ship can ; though I don't mean to say as that's any very high praise.

MARTIN. (*Groaning.*) I don't think it is, indeed.

MARK. You'd feel all the better for it, sir, if you was to turn out.

MARTIN. (*Scornfully.*) And be seen by the ladies and gentlemen on the after deck, mingling with the beggarly crowd that are stowed away in this vile hole ! I should be greatly the better for that, no doubt ; so would any one with the feelings of a gentleman.

MARK. I'm thankful that I can't say from my own experience what the feelings of a gentleman may be ; but I should have thought, sir, as a gentleman would feel a deal more uncomfortable down here than up in the fresh air, especially when the ladies and gentlemen are not likely to trouble their heads about him.

MARTIN. (*Loudly.*) I tell you, then, you would have thought wrong, and do think wrong.

MARK. (*Calmly.*) Very likely, sir ; I often do.

MARTIN. As to lying here, do you suppose it 's a pleasure to lie here ?

MARK. All the madhouses in the world couldn't produce such a maniac as the man must be who could think that.

MARTIN. Then why are you for ever goading and urging me to get up ? I lie here because I don't wish to be recognized, in the better days to which I aspire, by any purse-proud citizen, as the man who came over with him among the steerage passengers. Do you understand that ?

MARK. I am very sorry, sir ; I didn't know you took it so much to heart as this comes to.

MARTIN. Of course you didn't know. How should you know, unless I told you ? It 's no trial to *you*, Mark, to make yourself comfortable and to bustle about. Why, you don't suppose there is a living creature in this ship who can by any possibility have half so much to undergo on board of her as I have ? (*He sits up.*)

MARK. (*Aside, looking round at the people.*) Well, I can't go so far as to say *that*.

MARTIN. But what is the use of my saying *this*, when the very essence of it is that you can't possibly understand !

Make me a little brandy-and-water cold and very weak, and give me a biscuit. (Mark *does so*.) Now sit down, do ! (Mark *sits*.) I've been thinking, here on board, of those we've left behind, of Pinch, for instance ; he's a poor, strange, simple oddity, but thoroughly honest and sincere, full of zeal, with a cordial regard for me. Which I mean to return one of these days, by setting him up in life in some way or other.

MARK. Ah ! to—be—sure—one of these days.

MARTIN. Now I have great prospects of doing well in America, and of returning very soon, to marry Miss Graham, as you know ; and then, why then I'll make your fortune too.

MARK. Ah ! to—be—sure.

MARTIN. (*Looking at a ring on his finger*.) Then look at this, diamonds, splendid diamonds ! My grandfather is a singular character, Mark : he must have given her this.

MARK. (*Aside*.) I *know* as she bought it herself—spent all her savings on it, too ; I know it as well as if I see her do it.

MARTIN. You see that my attempts to advance myself at home were rendered abortive by him ; by him, for by his influence that scoundrel Pecksniff turned me out of doors. I hope he will never refer to me again, as long as he does not use me to work upon Miss Graham—yet she wanted me to say I forgive him—may I be spared the shame of such a weakness ! I was not born to be the toy and puppet of any man, certainly not his, to whose caprice, in return for any good he did me, my whole youth was sacrificed. He forbade her to mention my name, and therefore he is dead to me.— But (*lying down*) I'll go to sleep now, and kindly tell your friend to keep her children a little quieter than she did last night. (Mark *tucks him in, and then stands upright*.)

MARK. Jolly ! It's creditable, after all !

CURTAIN

## ACT I. SCENE II

*A corner of the deck of the same ship ; the view is forward, and in the distance can be seen the wharves and buildings of New York. Passengers and crew are passing and repassing ; newspaper boys and shore touts are very much in evidence, the former shouting ; ' Here 's this morning's " New York Stabber " '—' Here 's the " New York Peeper " '—' Here 's the " New York Plunderer " ', and half a dozen other names. MARK TAPLEY is standing looking shorewards, while MARTIN is finishing the strapping of his portmanteaux. Gradually the crowd drifts to another portion of the ship, leaving an atmosphere of calm after a storm ; but one boy remains.*

MARK. *(Turning from the scene.)* And this is the land of Liberty, is it? Wery well. I'm agreeable. Any land will do for me, after so much water.

*(Enter Colonel Diver. He strolls to Martin's portmanteau, and looks at it, trying to read the name.)*

NEWSBOY. Here 's the *New York Sewer* ; here 's the *Sewer's* article upon the Judge that tried the Editor the day before yesterday for libel, and the *Sewer's* tribute to the independent Jury that didn't convict him, and the *Sewer's* account of what they might have expected if they had ! Here 's the *Sewer* ! Here 's the wide-awake *Sewer* ; always on the look-out. *(He holds out a paper to Martin, who waves him away.)*

COLONEL DIVER. It is in such enlightened means, that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent. *(Martin looks round, and gathers that he is being addressed.)*

MARTIN. You allude to——?

DIVER. To the Palladium of rational Liberty at home, sir, and thê dread of Foreign oppression abroad. To the Envy of the world, sir, and the leaders of Human

Civilization. Let me ask you, sir, how do you like my Country ?

MARTIN. I am hardly prepared to answer that question yet, seeing that I have not been ashore.

DIVER. (*Pointing to the land.*) Well, I should expect you were not prepared, sir, to behold such signs of National Prosperity as these ?

MARTIN. Really. I don't know. Yes. I think I was.

DIVER. I like your policy. It's natural, and it pleases me, as a philosopher, to observe the pre-judices of human nature. (*Martin looks up puzzled.*) You have brought, I see, sir, the usual amount of misery and poverty and ignorance and crime, to be lo-cated in the bosom of the great Republic. Well, sir! let 'em come on in ship-loads from the old country. When vessels are about to founder, the rats are said to leave 'em. There is considerable of truth, I find, in that remark.

MARTIN. The old ship will keep afloat a year or two longer yet, perhaps.

DIVER. Hope is said by the poet, sir, to be the nurse of young Desire.

MARTIN. So I've heard.

DIVER. She will not rear her infant in the present instance, sir, you'll find.

MARTIN. Time will show.

DIVER. (*Nodding.*) What is your name, sir ?

MARTIN. Martin Chuzzlewit.

DIVER. How old are you, sir ?

MARTIN. But just turned twenty-one.

DIVER. What is your profession, sir ?

MARTIN. An architect.

DIVER. What is your destination, sir ?

MARTIN. (*Laughing.*) Really I can't satisfy you in that particular, for I don't know it myself.

DIVER. Yes ?

MARTIN. No.

DIVER. My name is Colonel Diver, sir. I am the Editor of the *New York Rowdy Journal*. And this journal is, as I expect you know, the organ of our aristocracy in this city.

MARTIN. Oh! there is an aristocracy here, then? Of what is it composed?

DIVER. Of intelligence, sir, and virtue; and of their necessary consequence in this republic—of Dollars, sir.

*(Enter the Captain of the ship, who shakes hands with Diver and with Martin.)*

DIVER. Well, cap'en.

CAPTAIN. Well, colonel. You're looking most uncommon bright, sir. I can hardly realize its being you, and that's a fact.

DIVER. A good passage, cap'en?

CAPTAIN. Well now! It was a pretty spanking run, sir, con-siderin' the weather.

DIVER. Yes?

CAPTAIN. Well! it was, sir. I've just now sent a boy up to your office with the passenger-list, colonel.

DIVER. You haven't got another boy to spare, perhaps, cap'en?

CAPTAIN. I guess there air a dozen if you want 'em, colonel.

DIVER. *(Musingly.)* One moderate big 'un could convey a dozen of champagne, perhaps, to my office? You said a spanking run, I think?

CAPTAIN. Well, so I did.

DIVER. My office is very nigh, you know. I'm glad it was a spanking run, cap'en. Don't mind about quarts, if you're short of 'em. The boy can as well bring four-and-twenty pints, and travel twice, as once.—A first-rate spanker, cap'en, wasn't it? Yes?

CAPTAIN. A most e-ternal spanker.



DIVER. I admire at your good fortune, cap'en. You might loan me a corkscrew at the same time, and half a dozen glasses. (*To Martin.*) However bad the elements combine against my country's noble packet ship, the "*Screw*", her passage, sir, either way is almost certain to eventuate a spanker. (*The Captain turns to go.*) Stay, cap'en, you might send along a few bottles here and a glass or two; this pro-duct of the old country might like to——

CAPTAIN. (*Going.*) Certainly. (*Aside.*) It's worth it at the price, if it conciliates him, and prevents him denouncing me in headlines two inches long! (*Exit.*)

(*Mark, meanwhile, has been assisting the woman with the three children to clear her baggage; he now comes forward for the portmanteaux.*)

MARTIN. So you've finished at last; you might have been quicker. (*Testily.*) See to our stuff now, will you? (*Exit Mark with luggage.*)

(*Enter a Boy with bottles, glasses, and a corkscrew, followed by Jefferson Brick, a very young man with a bundle of papers under his arm.*)

Boy. Cap'en's compliments, sir.

DIVER. Yes: put 'em down. (*Exit Boy.—Introducing Brick.*) My War Correspondent, sir, Mr. Jefferson Brick. (*Martin stares.*) You have heard of Jefferson Brick, I see. (*Smiling.*) England has heard of Jefferson Brick. Eu-rope has heard of Jefferson Brick. Let me see. When did you leave England, sir?

MARTIN. Five weeks ago.

DIVER. (*Thoughtfully.*) Five weeks ago. Now, let me ask you, sir, which of Mr. Brick's articles had become at that time most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the Court of St. James?

MARTIN. Upon my word, I——

DIVER. I have reason to know, sir, that the aristocratic

circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson Brick. I should like to be informed, sir, from your lips, which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow——

BRICK. At the hundred heads of the Hydra of Corruption now grovelling in the dust beneath the lance of Reason, and spouting up to the universal arch above us, its sanguinary gore,

DIVER. The libation of freedom, Brick.

BRICK. Must sometimes be quaffed in blood, colonel.

MARTIN. Upon my life, I can't give you any satisfactory information about it ; for the truth is, that I——

DIVER. Stop ! That you never heard of Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never saw the *Rowdy Journal*, sir. That you never knew, sir, of its mighty influence upon the courts of Eu-rope. Yes ?

MARTIN. That 's what I was about to observe, certainly.

DIVER. Keep cool, Jefferson. Don't bust ! Oh, you Europeans ! (*He opens a bottle of champagne, and pours out three glasses. Throughout the rest of the scene, Brick and Diver drink continuously, rolling the empty bottles to one side.*) Mr. Brick will give us a sentiment.

BRICK. Well, sir ! I will give you the *Rowdy Journal* ; the well of Truth whose waters are black from being composed of printer's ink, but are quite clear enough for my country to behold the shadow of her Destiny reflected in.

DIVER. Hear, hear ! There are flowery components, sir, in the language of my friend ?

MARTIN. Very much so, indeed.

DIVER. There 's to-day's *Rowdy*, sir. (*He hands Martin a paper.*) You'll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilization and moral purity. (*Martin peruses the paper while the others drink.*)

MARTIN. (*After a pause.*) Why, it 's horribly personal.

DIVER. I should hope it is !

BRICK. We are independent here, sir ; we do as we like.

MARTIN. If I may judge from this specimen, there must be a few thousands here, rather the reverse of independent, who do as they don't like.

DIVER. Well! They yield to the mighty mind of the Popular Instructor, sir. They rile up, sometimes; but in general we have a hold upon our citizens, both in public and in private life, which is as much one of the ennobling institutions of our happy country as—

BRICK. As nigger slavery itself.

DIVER. En-tirely so.

MARTIN. May I venture to ask, with reference to this case in this paper of yours, whether the Popular Instructor often deals in—I am at a loss to express it without giving you offence—forged letters, for instance?

DIVER. Well, sir! It does, now and then.

MARTIN. And the popular instructed, what do they do?

DIVER. Buy 'em. Buy 'em by hundreds of thousands; we are a smart people, and can appreciate smartness.

MARTIN. Is smartness American for forgery?

DIVER. Well! I expect it's American for a good many things that you call by other names. But you can't help yourself in Europe; we can.

MARTIN. (*Aside.*) And do sometimes. You help yourselves with very little ceremony, too!

DIVER. At all events, whatever name we choose to employ, I suppose the art of forgery was not invented here?

MARTIN. I suppose not.

DIVER. Nor any other kind of smartness, I reckon.

MARTIN. Invented! No, I suppose not.

DIVER. Well! then we got it all from the old country, and the old country's to blame for it, and not the new 'un. But where do you reckon to lo-cate yourself to-night?

MARTIN. I hardly know, I—

DIVER. Well, if you'll walk right now, I reckon we can fix you slick.

MARTIN. You are very kind. I'll just call my man. Mark!

MARK. (*Outside.*) Coming, sir!

CURTAIN.

### ACT I. SCENE III

*The dining-room of MAJOR PAWKINS'S boarding establishment. At the extreme left is a large stove, in front of which MAJOR PAWKINS is sitting chewing tobacco. There is a long table covered with a dirty cloth, stained with gravy, and a negro boy is noisily laying knives and forks. An Irish maid servant is at work at the right side of the room. The walls are whitewashed and extremely gaunt and bare, while the ceiling is cracked and filthy. Enter at the right COLONEL DIVER, followed by JEFFERSON BRICK and MARTIN.*

DIVER. (*To the girl.*) Is the major about?

MAID. Is it the master, sir? There do be such a lot of majors in this place.

DIVER. (*Turning to Brick.*) The master!

BRICK. Oh! The depressing institutions of that British Empire, colonel! Master!

MARTIN. What's the matter with the word?

BRICK. I should hope it was never heard in our country, sir, that's all; except when it is used by some degraded Help, as new to the blessings of our form of government as this Help is. There are no 'masters' here.

MARTIN. All 'owners', are they?

DIVER. (*To the girl.*) For your benefit I may say it is the master—Major Pawkins.

MAID. (*Pointing.*) It's him over there, sir.

DIVER. Oh! (*He crosses left, followed by Brick and Martin. To Pawkins.*) Here is a gentleman from England, major, who has concluded to locate himself here if the amount of compensation suits him.

PAWKINS. (*From his chair.*) I am glad to see you, sir. (*He shakes hands.*) You are pretty bright, I hope ?

MARTIN. Never better.

PAWKINS. You are never likely to be ; you will see the sun shine, *here*.

MARTIN. (*Smiling.*) I think I remember to have seen it shine at home, sometimes.

PAWKINS. (*With an air of finality.*) I think not. (*He nods to Brick.*)

BRICK. (*In Martin's ear.*) One of the most remarkable men in our country, sir.

PAWKINS. (*To Martin.*) You have come to visit our country, sir, at a season of great commercial depression.

DIVER. At an alarming crisis.

BRICK. At a period of unprecedented stagnation.

MARTIN. I am sorry to hear that ; it's not likely to last, I hope ?

PAWKINS. Well ! I expect we shall get along somehow, and come right in the end.

DIVER. We are an elastic country.

BRICK. We are a young lion.

PAWKINS. We have revivifying and vigorous principles within ourselves. Shall we drink a bitter afore dinner, colonel ?

DIVER. Ah !

PAWKINS. Then let's git ; (*to Martin*) it's only in the next block. (*They all scramble for the door, except Martin, who looks on bewildered, and then follows.*)

(*After a minute or two, the negro boy brings in the dinner, and begins to ring a bell. At once there is a rush of diners, male and female, among them Brick, Pawkins, and Diver, the last of whom tilts up the chair next to his own as he sits. All begin eating at express rate. Re-enter Martin ; he is pushed aside by late arrivals.*)

MARTIN. (*To Negro.*) Is there a fire or what, that everybody is in such a hurry ?

NEGRO. (*Grinning.*) No, sa! It's a dinner, sa! Kernell, sa, him kep a seat 'side himself, sa.

MARTIN. (*Laughing heartily, and clapping the negro on the back.*) You're the pleasantest fellow I have seen yet, and give me a better appetite than bitters.

(*Martin takes his seat, and begins to eat in a leisurely fashion—the other diners are not talking.*)

MARTIN. (*In an undertone to Colonel Diver.*) Pray, who is that little girl opposite? I don't see anybody here who looks like her mother, or who seems to have charge of her.

DIVER. (*Also in an undertone.*) Do you mean the matron in blue, sir? That is Mrs. Jefferson Brick.

MARTIN. No, no. I mean the little girl, like a doll, directly opposite.

DIVER. Well, sir! That is Mrs. Jefferson Brick. Some institutions develop human natur; others re-tard it. (*Pause.*) Jefferson Brick is one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir!

MARTIN. (*To Brick, who sits on his left.*) Pray, Mr. Brick, who is that young—hem—that very short gentleman yonder with the red nose?

BRICK. That is Pro-fessor Mullit, sir.

MARTIN. May I ask what he is professor of?

BRICK. Of Ed-u-cation, sir.

MARTIN. A sort of schoolmaster, possibly?

BRICK. He is a man of fine moral elements, sir, and not commonly endowed. He felt it necessary, at the last election for President, to repudiate and denounce his own father, who voted on the wrong interest. He has since written some powerful pamphlets, under the signature of 'Suturb', or Brutus reversed. He is one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir.

MARTIN. (*Aside.*) There seem to be plenty of 'em, at any rate.

BEVAN. (*One of the Boarders.*) Are you going to meeting, Mrs. Brick?

MRS. BRICK. To lecture, sir!

BEVAN. I beg your pardon, I forgot. You don't go to meeting, I think? What course of lectures are you attending now, ma'am?

MRS. BRICK. The Philosophy of the Soul, on Wednesdays.

BEVAN. On Mondays?

MRS. BRICK. The Philosophy of Crime.'

BEVAN. On Fridays?

MRS. BRICK. The Philosophy of Vegetables.

ANOTHER LADY. You have forgotten Thursdays: the Philosophy of Government, my dear.

MRS. BRICK. No! that's Tuesdays.

THE LADY. So it is! The Philosophy of Matter on Thursdays, of course.

BEVAN. (*Sarcastically to Martin.*) You see, sir, our ladies are fully employed.

MARTIN. Indeed you have reason to say so. Between these very grave pursuits abroad, and family duties at home, their time must be pretty well engrossed.

(*The ladies all look at him in amazement. Having finished eating they rise, nod to their husbands, and go out. The men merely nod, and take no further notice.*)

MARTIN. (*To Brick.*) Where are they going?

BRICK. To their bedrooms, sir.

MARTIN. Is there no dessert, or other interval for conversation? Don't you discuss books or music?

BRICK. We are a busy people here, sir, and have no time for that.

A STRANGER. (*Overhearing.*) We are a busy people, sir, and have no time for reading mere notions. We don't mind 'em if they come to us in newspapers along with almighty strong stuff of another sort, but darn you books! (*The men finish and rise.*)

PAWKINS. Will any gentleman drink some?

CHORUS. It's a good notion! I should say! Ah, that's

saying! &c. (*The men leave the room, with the exception of Mr. Bevan and Martin.*)

BÉVAN. My name is Bevan, sir. I ought hardly to have said what I did just now. I will now add that domestic drudgery is far beneath the range of these philosophers; the chances are a hundred to one that not one of those ladies who were present at dinner can perform the easiest woman's work for herself, or make the simplest article of dress for any of her children.

MARTIN. But what are their homes like then?

BEVAN. Very often such as this is. (*Smiling.*) I won't ask you how you like my country, for I can quite anticipate your feelings on this point. But, being an American, I am bound to begin with a question, so I'll ask you how you like the colonel?

MARTIN. You are so very frank, that I have no hesitation in saying that I don't like him at all—though I am beholden to him for arranging for my stay here, on reasonable terms.

BEVAN. (*Drily.*) Not much beholden. The colonel occasionally brings strangers to board here, I believe, with a view to the little percentage which attaches to these good offices, which the hostess deducts from his bill. I don't offend you, I hope. (*He holds out his hand.*)

MARTIN. My dear sir, how is it possible? (*He shakes hands.*) To tell you the truth—I——

BEVAN. Yes?

MARTIN. I am rather at a loss, since I must speak plainly, to know how this colonel escapes being beaten.

BEVAN. Well! he has been beaten once or twice. He is one of a class of men of whom Franklin wrote that those who were slandered by such as this colonel, having no remedy at law, were justified in retorting by means of a stout cudgel.

MARTIN. I was not aware of that, but I am very glad to hear it, especially——



BEVAN. (*Smiling.*) Go on.

MARTIN. Especially as it may have required great courage to write freely on any question which was not a party one, in this very free country.

BEVAN. Some courage *then* no doubt ; now, no satirist could breathe : he would be hunted down.

MARTIN. How has this been brought about ?

BEVAN. Will you walk with me ? I will tell you as we go.

CURTAIN.

## ACT II. SCENE I

*A car on an American railroad, on the way to the interior. The seats are arranged as on the top of an English 'bus. There are many travellers, among them : MR. LA FAYETTE KETTLE, an unkempt, weedy man, with an unwashed, sallow face ; GENERAL CHOKE, in long greatcoat and limp white waistcoat.*

MARTIN and MARK are seated side by side.

MARTIN. And so, Mark, you are glad we have left New York far behind us, are you ?

MARK. Yes, sir, I am ; precious glad.

MARTIN. Were you not jolly there ?

MARK. On the contrary, sir. The jolliest week as ever I spent in my life, was that there week at Pawkins's.

MARTIN. What do you think of our prospects ?

MARK. Uncommon bright, sir. Impossible for a place to have a better name, sir, than the Walley of Eden. No man couldn't think of settling in a better place than the Walley of Eden. (*Pause.*) And I'm told as there's lots of serpents there, so we shall come out quite complete and reg'lar. (*He smiles broadly.*)

MARTIN. Who told you that ?

MARK. A military officer.

MARTIN. (*Laughing.*) Confound you for a ridiculous

fellow! What military officer? You know they spring up in every field.

MARK. As thick as scarecrows in England, sir; which is a sort of militia themselves, being entirely coat and wescoat, with a stick inside. Ha! Ha! Don't mind me, I can't help being jolly. Why, it was one of them invading conquerors at Pawkins's as told me. 'Am I rightly informed,' he says, sort of through his nose, 'that you're a-going to the Walley of Eden?' 'I heard some talk on it', I told him. 'Oh!' says he, 'if you should happen to go to bed there, take an axe with you!' I looks at him tolerable hard. 'Fleas?' says I. 'And more', says he. 'What more?' says I. 'Snakes more,' says he, 'rattlesnakes. You're right to a certain extent, stranger, there air some catawampous chawers in the small way, too; but don't mind them, they're company. It's snakes,' says he, 'and whenever you wake and see one in a upright postur on your bed, like a corkscrew with the handle off, cut him down, for he means wenom.'

MARTIN. Why didn't you tell me this before?

MARK. I never thought on it, sir. But Lord love us, he was one of another Company I dare say, and made up the story that we might go to his Eden, and not the other.

MARTIN. There's some probability in that. I hope so, with all my heart.

MARK. Anyhow, we must live!

MARTIN. Live! But if we should happen not to wake up when rattlesnakes are making corkscrews of themselves on our beds, it may not be so easy to do it.

MR. LA FAYETTE KETTLE. (*Leaning over from the seat behind, and thrusting himself between Martin and Mark.*) That's dreadful true. Darn all manner of vermin.

(*Martin starts and frowns, but manages to call up a ghost of a smile. Kettle cuts himself a plug of tobacco, then feels the texture of Martin's waistcoat.*)

KETTLE. What do you call this, now ?

MARTIN. Upon my word, I don't know what it 's called.

KETTLE. It'll cost a dollar or more a yard, I reckon ?

MARTIN. I really don't know.

KETTLE. In my country we know the cost of our own proöjüce. (*A pause.*) Well! how's the unnat'ral old parent by this time ?

MARTIN. You mean the old country ?

KETTLE. Ah! how's she ? Progressing back'ards, I expect, as usual ? Well! How's Queen Victoria ?

MARTIN. In good health, I believe.

KETTLE. Queen Victoria won't shake in her royal shoes, at all, when she hears to-morrow named ? No!

MARTIN. Not that I am aware of. Why should she ?

KETTLE. She won't be taken with a cold chill, when she realizes what is being done in these diggings. No!

MARTIN. No. I think I could take my oath on that.

KETTLE. Well sir, I tell you this—there ain't a enjine with its biler bust, in this here free U-nited States, so fixed, and nipped, and frizzled to a most e-tarnal smash, as thät young critter, in her luxurious lo-cation in the Tower of London will be, when she reads the next double-extra *Watertoast Gazette*.

*(Several other travellers have left their seats during the last speech, and are gathered round Martin and Kettle—among them General Choke.)*

CHOKÉ. Hem! Mr. La Fayette Kettle!

\* TRAVELLERS. Hush!

CHOKÉ. Mr. La Fayette Kettle, sir! (*Kettle bows.*) In the name of the company, sir; in the name of the Water-toast sympathizers; in the name of the star-spangled banner of the Great U-nited States, I thank you for your eloquent and categorical exposition. And if, sir, (*he pokes Martin with his umbrella*) in such a place I might venture to conclude with a sentiment, I would say: 'May the British

Lion have his talons eradicated by the noble bill of the American Eagle and be taught to play on the Irish harp that music which is breathed in every empty shell on the shores of Green Colombia! ' (*He sits down.*)

KETTLE. General Choke, you warm my heart ; sir, you warm my heart. But the British Lion is not unrepresented herê, sir ; and I should be glad to hear his answer to these remarks.

MARTIN. Upon my word, since you do me the honour to consider me his representative, I have only to say that I never heard of Queen Victoria reading the What's-his-name *Gazette*, and that I should scarcely think it probable.

CHOKE. (*Smiling patiently.*) It is sent to her, sir. It is sent to her. Per mail.

MARTIN. But if it is addressed to the Tower of London, it would hardly come to hand, I fear ; for she don't live there.

MARK. The Queen of England, gentlemen, usually lives at the Mint to take care of the money. She *has* lodgings with the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, but don't often occupy them, consequence of the parlour chimney a-smoking.

MARTIN. Mark, I shall be very much obliged to you if you'll have the goodness not to interfere with preposterous statements. (*To the company.*) I was merely remarking, gentlemen, that the Queen does *not* live at the Tower.

KETTLE AND SEVERAL OTHERS. General! You hear ?

CHOKE. (*Rising.*) Hush! Pray, silence! I have oftên remarked that the knowledge of Britishers themselves on such points is not to be compared with that possessed by our intelligent and locomotive citizens. (*To Martin.*) When you say that, sir, you fall into an error, not uncommon to your countrymen, even when their moral elements air such as to command respect. But, sir, you air wrong! She *does* live there——

KETTLE. When she is at the court of St. James's.

CHOKE. (*Benignly.*) Of course. For if her lo-cation was in Windsor Pavilion, it couldn't be in London at the same time. Your Tower of London is nat'rally your royal residence.

MARTIN. Have you been in England?

CHOKE. In print I have, sir, not otherwise. We air a reading people here, sir. You will meet with much information among us that will surprise you.

MARTIN. (*Sarcastically.*) I have not the least doubt of it.

KETTLE. (*Whispering in Martin's ear.*) You know General Choke?

MARTIN. (*Whispering.*) No.

KETTLE. (*Whispering.*) You know what he is considered?

MARTIN. (*Jesting.*) One of the most remarkable men in the country?

KETTLE. That's a fact. I was sure you must have heard of him!

MARTIN. (*To Choke.*) I think that I have the pleasure of being the bearer of a letter of introduction to you, sir. From Mr. Bevan, of Massachusetts. (*He hands him a letter.*)

CHOKE. (*After reading.*) Well! and you think of settling in Eden?

MARTIN. Subject to your opinion and the agent's advice. I am told there is nothing to be done in the old towns.

CHOKE. I can introduce you to the agent, sir. I know him. In fact I am a member of the Eden Land Corporation myself.

MARTIN. Indeed! Mr. Bevan said——

CHOKE. Yes; but I only joined a few weeks ago, and have not seen him since.

MARTIN. (*Anxiously.*) We have very little to venture, only a few pounds; but it is our all. Now, do you think

that for one of my profession, this would be a speculation with any hope or chance in it ?

CHOKE. Well, if there wasn't any hope in the speculation, it wouldn't have engaged *my* dollars, I opionate.

MARTIN. I don't mean for the sellers! For the buyers, for the buyers!

CHOKE. For the buyers, sir ? Well! you come from an old country: from a country, sir, that has piled up golden calves as high as Babel, and worshipped 'em for ages. We are a new country, sir ; we have no false gods ; man, sir, here, is man in all his dignity. (*He stands up his old dilapidated umbrella in front of himself and points to it.*) Here am I, sir, with grey hairs and a moral sense. Would I, with my principles, invest capital in this speculation, if I didn't think it full of hopes and chances for my fellow-man ?

MARTIN. (*To himself.*) Hm! Remembering New York, I don't quite know!

CHOKE. What are the Great United States for, sir, if not for the regeneration of man ? But it is nat'ral for you to m<sup>a</sup>ke such an enquery, for you come from England.

MARTIN. Then you think that allowing for the hardships we are prepared to undergo, there is a reasonable—Heaven knows we don't expect much—opening in this place ?

CHOKE. A reasonable opening in Eden, sir! But see the agent, see the agent ; see the maps and plans, sir ; and conclude to go or stay, according to the natur' of the settlement. Eden hadn't need to go a-begging yet, sir.

KETTLE. It's an awful lovely place, sure-ly. An'd frightful wholesome, likewise!

MARTIN. Thank you. I'll see the agent to-morrow. And now to change the subject. Who are the Watertoast sympathizers ?

CHOKE. You may fully enlighten yourself on those points to-morrow by attending a Great Meeting of the Body, which will be held at—— (*At this moment the train comes to*

*rest in a station, the porters shout, and new boys begin to yell.)*  
—why, we're there!

*(The occupants of the carriage attempt to get out in a body, after catching up their bags and parcels.)*

CURTAIN.

## ACT II. SCENE' II

*Outside the office of the Eden Land Corporation. The office is very small, and the tiny doorway is filled by the person of MR. ZEPHANIAH SCADDER seated in a rocking-chair. There is a large map of Eden hanging by his side, and certain articles of wood, advertising the timber grown there, lie round the doorway. There is a makeshift pavement in front of the office. MR. SCADDER himself is a gaunt man with one eye blind and fixed in his head. He wears an old green coat and a still older straw hat; he appears to have nothing better to do than to rock himself backwards and forwards in his chair.*

*Enter GENERAL CHOKE, MARTIN, and MARK together.*

CHOKE. There stands the office, gentlemen, as I told you, not five minutes from the Ho-tel.

MARTIN. Mark, a word. *(To Choke.)* You will, I know, excuse us a moment.

CHOKE. I will excuse you the day long; but I reckon you Britishers are most e-ternal slow.

MARTIN. Now, Mark, you are determined to invest those savings of yours in the common stock?

MARK. If I weren't, I shouldn't have come.

MARTIN. How much is there?

MARK. Thirty-seven pounds ten and sixpence. The Savings' Bank said so, at least. I never counted it. But *they* know, bless you.

MARTIN. The money I brought with me is reduced to

a few shillings less than eight pounds. Upon the ring—  
*her ring, Mark. . . . (He looks at his empty finger.)*

MARK. (*Sighing.*) Ah! Beg your pardon, sir!

MARTIN. —We raised, in English money, fourteen pounds; so your share of the stock is much larger than mine. Now, I have thought of a means of making this up to you. You shall be a partner in the business. I will put in, as my additional capital, my professional knowledge, and half the annual profits shall be yours.

MARK. I don't know, sir, what I can say to this; but I'll stand by you, sir, to the best of my ability.

MARTIN. So if we determine on Eden, the firm shall be Chuzzlewit and Tapley.

MARK. Lord love you, sir, don't have my name in it. I ain't acquainted with the business, sir. I've often thought (*in a low voice*) as I should like to know a Co.; but I little thought as ever I should live to *be* one.

MARTIN. You shall have it your own way, Mark. Now, General, we're ready; I'm sorry we've kept—

CHOKE. It's about time; I've knowed a man make dollars in less. (*They advance towards the office.*) Well, Scadder?

SCADDER. (*Shaking hands without rising.*) Well, Gen'ral, and how are you?

CHOKE. Active and spry, sir, in my country's service and the sympathetic cause. Two gentlemen on business, Mr. Scadder. (*Scadder shakes hands without rising.*)

SCADDER. I think I know what bis'ness you have brought these strangers here upon, then, General?

CHOKE. Well, sir, I expect you may.

SCADDER. You air a tongue-y person Gen'ral. For you talk too much, and that's a fact. You speak a-larming well in public, but you didn't ought to go ahead so fast in private. Now!

CHOKE. If I can realize your meaning, ride me on a rail!



SCADDER. You know we didn't wish to sell the lots off right away to any loafer as might bid ; but had concluded to reserve 'em for Aristocrats of Natur'. Yes!

CHOKE. (*Warmly.*) And they are here, sir! They are here!

SCADDER. If they air here, that's enough. But (*reproachfully*) you didn't ought to have your dander riz with me, Gen'ral.

CHOKE. (*Whispering to Martin.*) Scadder's the honestest fellow in the world. I wouldn't have given him offence, not willingly, for ten thousand dollars.

SCADDER. I do my duty, and I raise the dander of my feller critters, as I wish to serve. (*He looks away.*) They rile up rough, along of my objecting to their selling Eden off too cheap! That's human natur'! Well!

CHOKE. (*Assuming an oratorical posture.*) Mr. Scadder. Sir! here is my hand, and here my heart. I esteem you, sir, and ask your pardon. These gentlemen air friends of mine, or I would not have brought 'em here, sir, being well aware, sir, that the lots at present go entirely too cheap. But these air friends, sir ; these air partick'ler friends.

(*Scadder gets up and shakes hands with Choke.*)

CHOKE. Now, being one of the Land Company, I won't interfere in the transaction on any account. I'll take a seat inside. (*He enters the small office.*)

MARTIN. (*Seeing the great map of Eden.*) Heydey! What's this?

SCADDER. That's Eden.

MARTIN. Why, I had no idea it was a city!

SCADDER. Hadn't you? Oh, it's a city.

MARTIN. A flourishing city, too! An architectural city. There's a bank, and one—two—three churches, an exchange, a theatre. Why, there's even a daily newspaper office. Dear me! (*Turning round to Scadder.*) It's really a most important place!

SCADDER. Oh! it's very important.

MARTIN. But I am afraid (*he looks again at the map*) that there is nothing left for me to do.

SCADDER. Well! it ain't all built—not quite.

MARTIN. (*Relieved.*) Ah! The market-place, now—is that built?

SCADDER. That? Let me see. (*Pause.*) No; that ain't built.

MARTIN. (*Nudging Mark.*) Rather a good job to begin with, eh, Mark?

MARK. Uncommon!

(*Scadder whistles a few bars of 'Yankee Doodle' and blows a speck of dust from the map.*)

MARTIN. (*Gazing intently at the map to hide his excitement.*) I suppose there are—several architects there?

SCADDER. There ain't a single one.

MARTIN. Mark (*pulling him by the sleeve*), do you hear that? But whose work is all this before us then?

MARK. The soil being very fruitful, public buildings grows spontaneous, perhaps.

(*Scadder moves so that he can see Mark with his one eye.*)

SCADDER. Feel of my hands, young man.

MARK. (*Stepping back.*) What for?

SCADDER. Air they dirty, or air they clean, sir?

MARK. (*Aside.*) Dirty, wery!

MARTIN. They're all right. (*To Mark.*) I entreat, Mark, that you will not intrude remarks of that nature, which, however harmless and well-intentioned, are quite out of place, and cannot be appreciated by strangers.

MARK. (*To himself.*) The Co.'s a-putting his foot in it already. He must be a sleeping partner, fast asleep and snoring, Co. must, I see.

(*Scadder takes out his penknife, and stabs at the wall with it, as if stabbing Mark.*)

MARTIN. (*Mildly.*) You haven't said whose work it is.

SCADDER. (*Sulkily.*) Well, never mind whose work it is,

or isn't. No matter how it did eventuate. P'raps he cleared off handsome, with a heap of dollars; p'raps he wasn't worth a cent. P'raps he was a loafin' rowdy; p'raps a ring-tailed roarer. Now!

MARTIN. All your doing, Mark.

SCADDER. P'raps them ain't plants of Eden's raising. No! P'raps that desk and stool ain't made from Eden lumber. No! P'raps no end of squatters ain't gone out there! No! P'raps there ain't no such lo-cation in the territory of the Great U-nited States. Oh no!

MARTIN. I hope you're satisfied with the success of your joke, Mark.

CHOKE. (*Appearing in the doorway.*) Say, Scadder, give my friends the particulars of that little lot of fifty acres with the house upon it; you know, that little lot which used to belong to the company and has lapsed into our hands again.

SCADDER. (*Grumbling.*) You air a deal too open-handed, General; it's a lot as should be rose in price, it is.

(*He goes, still grumbling and muttering, into the office, brings out a book, and turns over the leaves with a well-moistened thumb; then shows an entry to Martin.*)

MARTIN. (*Reading.*) Lot 70; about fifty acres . . . well-wooded . . . close proximity to the river . . . dwelling-house . . . price one hundred and fifty dollars. (*To Mark.*) That's thirty pounds roughly. (*To Scadder.*) Now where upon the plan may this place be?

SCADDER. Upon the plan?

MARTIN. Yes.

(*Scadder turns to the map, and reflects, as if to be very exact; wheels his penknife slowly round and round and makes a dart at the map, piercing the very centre of the wharf.*)

SCADDER. There! That's where it is.

(*Martin gazes at Mark in triumph.*)

MARK. (*To himself.*) It's done!

MARTIN. (*To Scadder.*) We'll have it.

SCADDER. (*Still ill-humoured.*) Now hadn't you better think of it and call again in a week or fortnight? You won't like it—come, I'll let you off your offer——(*in an undertone*) Drat the General bringing 'em here; it's a-going too cheap.

MARTIN. No, we'll have it at once, please.

(*He draws out a bag and tells down the money on to one of the Eden articles. Scadder goes into the office and brings out papers, which he gives to Martin.*)

SCADDER. If it shouldn't happen to fit, don't blame me.

MARTIN. (*Merrily.*) No, no, we'll not blame you. General, are you going?

CHOKE. (*Coming out of the office and shaking hands with Martin.*) I am at your service, sir; and I wish you joy of your po-ssession. You air now, sir, a denizen of the most powerful and highly-civilized do-minion that has ever graced the world; a do-minion, sir, where man is bound to man in one vast bond of equal love and truth. May you, sir, be worthy of your a-adopted country.

MARTIN. Thank you.

(*They all shake hands with Scadder; Choke leads Martin and Mark off, while Scadder sinks into the chair and begins to rock as if he had never left off.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II. SCENE III

MARTIN'S apartment at the National Hotel, Watertoast, U.S.A.  
—a bare room, with little in it, save an uncomfortable-looking bed, a miniature wash-stand, a microscopic glass on the bare whitewashed wall, a deal table and a couple of cane-seated chairs. MARK and MARTIN appear to be conversing, the former while arranging their joint effects, the latter seated at the table, answering a note. Enter, without knocking, CAPTAIN KEDGICK, the landlord of the hotel, with

*his hat on. He sits on the bed, but, finding this hard, moves to the pillow and swings his legs.*

KEDGICK. (*Moving his hat to one side of his head.*) Well, sir! you're quite a public man, I calc'late.

MARTIN. (*In a weary voice.*) So it seems.

KEDGICK. Our citizens, sir, intend to pay their respects to you. You will have to hold a sort of levee, this morning.

MARTIN. Powers above! I couldn't do that, my good fellow.

KEDGICK. I reckon you *must*, then.

MARTIN. 'Must' is not a pleasant word, Captain.

KEDGICK. (*Coolly.*) Well! I didn't fix the mother language, and I can't unfix it, else I'd make it pleasant. You must re-ceive. That's all.

MARTIN. But why should I receive people who care as much for me as I care for them?

KEDGICK. Well, because I've had a muniment put up in the bar.

MARTIN. A what?

KEDGICK. A muniment.

(*Martin looks helplessly at Mark.*)

MARK. He means, sir, that he's written out a notice that you'll receive the Watertoasters to-day; it's a-hanging in the bar, sir. I saw it.

KEDGICK. (*Paring his nails.*) You wouldn't be on-popular, I know. Our citizens ain't long of riling up, I tell you; and our *Gazette* could flay you like a wild cat.

MARTIN. (*Starting up angrily, but sitting down again.*) In Heaven's name, let them come, then.

KEDGICK. Oh, they'll come. (*He gets up to go.*)

MARTIN. But will you at least tell me this? What do they want to see me for? What have I done? and how do they happen to have such an interest in me?

(*Kedgick lifts his hat off his head with both hands, replaces it carefully, passes one hand downwards over*

*his face, looks at Martin, then at Mark, then at Martin again, winks and walks out.)*

MARTIN. Upon my life, now! such a perfectly unaccountable fellow as that, I never saw. Mark, what do you say to this?

MARK. Why, sir, my opinion is that we must have got to the MOST remarkable man in the country at last. So I hope there's an end to the breed, sir. *(They both laugh. Kedgick's voice heard outside saying, 'Mr. Chuzzlewit's receiving'.)*

*(A loud clatter of feet on the stairs. Enter the Water-toasters in a body headed by Kedgick. Martin and Mark back to the wall. The crowd make for them, and all try to shake Martin's hand.)*

KEDGICK. *(At intervals.)* There's more below! There's more below! Now, gentlemen, you that have been introduced to Mr. Chuzzlewit, will you clear, gentlemen? Will you clear? Will you be so good as to clear, gentlemen, and make a little room for more?

*(Gradually the introduced begin to back out, their places being instantly taken by fresh arrivals. Two reporters of the 'Gazette', unable to see him, mount the table and make copious notes. Presently the arrivals consist of pairs, each gentleman having a lady on his arm. All the time Kedgick can be heard, growing more and more hoarse, reiterating the above requests. Martin is asked continually the same old questions by everybody.—How do you like the country? What writer is causing Queen Victoria most disquiet? . . . &c. Gradually the crowd thins; at last Martin has a moment free.)*

MARTIN. *(To Mark.)* I shall go to bed, Mark; not that I'm sure they'll leave me alone there, but I'll try it. Fetch me some coffee, do.

MARK. That's a good—*(Exit.)*

*(Enter, in a hurry, a gentleman who has a somewhat elderly lady on his arm ; the latter wears a very untidy straw bonnet, and carries an enormous fan.)*

GENTLEMAN. Mr. Chuzzlewit, I believe?

MARTIN. That is my name.

GENTLEMAN. Sir, I am pressed for time.

MARTIN. Thank Heaven !

GENTLEMAN. I go back to my home, sir, by the return train, which starts immediate. 'Start' is not a word you use in your country, sir.

MARTIN. Oh yes, it is.

GENTLEMAN. You are mistaken, sir ; but we will not pursue the subject, lest it should awake your prejudices. Sir, Mrs. Hominy. *(Martin bows.)* Mrs. Hominy, sir, is the lady of Major Hominy, one of our chiefest spirits ; and belongs to one of our most aristocratic families. You are, perhaps, acquainted, sir, with Mrs. Hominy's writings ?

MARTIN. Er—no—I can't say I am.

*(Re-enter Mark with coffee.)*

GENTLEMAN. You have much to learn, and to enjoy, sir. Mrs. Hominy is going to stay until the end of the fall, sir, with her married daughter at the settlement of New Thermopylae, three days this side of Eden. Any attention, sir, that you can show to Mrs. Hominy upon the journey, will be very grateful to the Major and our fellow-citizens. Mrs. Hominy, I wish you good night, ma'am, and a pleasant progress on your route. *(He rushes out ; Martin stares after him, and Mrs. Hominy drinks the milk intended for his coffee.)*

MRS. HOMINY. A'most used-up, I am, I do declare ! The jolting in the cars is pretty nigh as bad as if the rail was full of snags and sawyers.

MARTIN. Snags and sawyers, ma'am ?

MRS. HOMINY. Well then, I do suppose you'll hardly

realize my meaning, sir. My ! only think ! *Do tell ! (She unties her bonnet strings.)* Guess I'll just put this down and be back right now. *(Exit.)*

MARTIN. Mark ! Touch me, will you ? Am I awake ?

MARK. Hominy is, sir, broad awake ! Just the sort of woman, sir, as would be discovered with her eyes wide open, and her mind a-working for her country's good, at any hour of the day or night.

*(Re-enter Mrs. Hominy. Martin places a chair for her, and returns to his own.)*

MRS. HOMINY. Pray sir ! Where do you hail from ?

MARTIN. I am afraid I am dull of comprehension, being extremely tired ; but upon my word I don't understand you.

MRS. HOMINY. *(Shaking her head with a melancholy smile.)* They corrupt even the language in that old country ! *(Slowly.)* Where was you rose ?

MARTIN. Oh ! I was born in Kent.

MRS. HOMINY. And how do you like our country, sir ?

MARTIN. *(Half asleep.)* Very much indeed—at least—that is—pretty well, ma'am.

MRS. HOMINY. Most strangers—and partick'larly Britishers—are much surprised by what they see in the U-nited States.

MARTIN. They have excellent reasons to be so, ma'am ; I was never so much surprised in all my life.

MRS. HOMINY. Our institutions make our people smart much, sir.

MARTIN. The most short-sighted man could see that at a glance, with his naked eye.

MRS. HOMINY. *(Pretending to be shocked.)* Ah ! how indelicate ! A gentleman sitting alone with a lady, to talk about a naked eye !

*(Kedgick puts his head in at the door.)*



KEDGICK. Boat 's arrived ; I guess it'll be leaving right slick. You'd better go on board.

MARTIN. (*Rousing.*) That 's good hearing ! I'll go at once. Mark, bring the baggage with the help of some one. (*Exit, followed closely by Mrs. Hominy.*)

MARK. (*As Martingoes.*) Right, sir. (*To himself.*) I'll solve this here riddle, if I can ; I say, Captain, Captain Kedgick ?

KEDGICK. Well, what the 'Tarnal do you want now ?

MARK. I'll tell you plainly what it is, Captain. I want to ask you a question.

KEDGICK. A man may ask a question, so he may.

MARK. (*Slyly.*) What have they been making so much of him for, now ? Come !

KEDGICK. Our people like excitement.

MARK. But how has he excited 'em ?

KEDGICK. (*Grimming.*) You air a-going with him straight ?

MARK. Going ! Ain't every minute precious ? Won't I miss the boat if I don't go at once ?

KEDGICK. (*In a confidential whisper.*) Our people like excitement. He ain't like emigrants in general ; and he excited 'em along of this, (*he winks and laughs*)—along of this. Scadder is a smart man—and—and—nobody as goes to Eden ever comes back alive ! (*Exit Kedgick.*)

MARK. Well—I—never—was—half—so—JOLLY.

CURTAIN.

### ACT III. SCENE I

*The city of Eden in the twilight. A desolate swamp, with trees at intervals. In the centre is a log hut without a door, dilapidated and tottering, with the whole of the front side fallen away ; several other huts in a similar condition can be seen in the distance among the trees. MARTIN and MARK are standing by their baggage in the middle of the stage, having just landed from the river steamer which brought*

*them there. They are both looking around them, MARTIN with an air of deep dejection, MARK with an air of mingled triumph and perplexity.*

MARK. Now, *here* 's a place to come out strong in. Here comes an Edener. He'll get us help to carry these things up to our house. Keep up a good heart, sir. Hulloo there !

*(Enter a Stranger, very slowly ; he is leaning on a stick and looks pale and emaciated. He breathes with difficulty and stares at them.)*

THE MAN. Strangers !

MARK. The very same. How are you, sir ?

MAN. *(Very faintly.)* I've had the fever very bad. I haven't stood upright these many weeks. These are your notions I see. *(He points to the baggage.)*

MARK. Yes, sir, they are. You couldn't recommend us some one as would lend a hand to help carry 'em up to the—*(he looks around)* to the town, could you, sir ?

MAN. My eldest son would do it if he could ; but to-day he has his chill upon him, and is lying wrapped up in blankets. My youngest died last week.

MARK. I'm sorry for it, governor, with all my heart. *(He shakes hands.)* Don't mind us. Come along with me, and I'll give you an arm back. *(To Martin.)* The goods is safe enough : there ain't many people about, to make away with 'em. What a comfort that is !

MAN. No, you must look for such folk here, *(he taps the ground with his stick)* or yonder in the bush towards the north. We've buried most of 'em. The rest have gone away. Them that we have here don't come out at night.

MARK. The night air ain't quite wholesome, I suppose ?

MAN. It 's deadly poison.

MARK. We've purchased a lot numbered seventy ; do you know where it is ? If you'll give me your arm, I'll take you, if you'll show me where it is.

MAN. (*Pointing to the hut.*) That's it. I live quite close. (*He points 'off' to another hut.*) I used your dwelling for some corn; if you'll excuse it for to-night, I will try to get it taken out to-morrow. I buried the last owner with my own hands.

MARK. Ah!

MAN. I'll fetch you a light. (*Exit.*)

MARK. Thank'ee. (*To Martin.*) Now, sir, come and give me a hand to lift this here chest. (*They lift their biggest article of baggage and plant it in the centre of the hut.*) There, that looks quite comfortable.

(*Re-enter the stranger with a rude torch which he sticks in the wall and lights.*)

MAN. If there ain't anything else I can do, I'll git, as the night air is death to me.

MARK. Thank'ee; no, you get along home; we're as right as rain. (*He begins to unpack the chest.*)

(*Exit Man.—Martin has fetched a portmanteau; he sits down on it and bursts into tears.*)

MARK. (*Looking at Martin in alarm.*) Lord love you, sir! don't do that! don't do that, sir! anything but that! It never helped man, woman, or child over the lowest fence yet, sir, and it never will. Besides its being of no use to you, it's worse than of no use to me, for the least sound of it will knock me flat down. I can't stand up agin it, sir. Anything but that!

MARTIN. I ask your forgiveness a thousand times, my dear fellow. I couldn't have helped it, if death had been the penalty.

MARK. (*Cheerily.*) Ask my forgiveness! The head partner a-asking forgiveness of the Co., eh? There must be something wrong in the firm when that happens. I must have the books inspected and the accounts gone over immediate. Here we are. Everything in its proper place.

Here's the salt pork. Here's the biscuit. Here's the whiskey. Uncommon good it smells, too. Here's the tin pot. (*He arranges these things on the chest for a table.*) This tin pot's a small fortune in itself. Here's the blankets. Here's the axe. Who says we ain't got a first-rate fit-out? I feel as if I was a cadet gone out to' Indy, and my noble father was chairman of the directors. Now when I've got some water from the stream over there (*he runs 'off' with the pot and returns at once*), and mixed the grog, there's a supper ready, comprising every delicacy of the season. Here we are, sir, all complete. For what we are going to receive, et cetera. Lord bless you, sir, it's very like a gipsy party. (*Martin turns round, and begins to eat, but soon puts his knife down in despair*). Don't give in, sir!

MARTIN. (*Turning from the makeshift table, resting his elbows on his knees and supporting his face on his hands.*) Oh, Mark, what have I done in all my life that has deserved this heavy fate?

MARK. Why, sir, for the matter of that, ev'rybody as is here might say the same thing; many of 'em with better reason p'raps than you or me. Hold up, sir. Do something. Couldn't you ease your mind, now, don't you think, by making some personal observations in a letter to Scadder?

MARTIN. No (*sorrowfully*); I am past that.

MARK. But if you're past that already, you must be ill, and ought to be attended to.

MARTIN. Don't mind me. Do the best you can for yourself. You'll soon have only yourself to consider. And then God speed you home, and forgive me for bringing you here! I am destined to die in this place. I felt it the instant I set foot upon the shore.

MARK. (*Tenderly.*) I said you must be ill, and now I'm sure of it. A touch of fever and ague caught on the river, I dare say; but bless you, *that's* nothing. It's only

a seasoning ; and we must all be seasoned one way or another. That 's religion, that is, you know.

MARTIN. (*Sighing and shaking his head.*) No, Mark, I know better.

MARK. (*Cheerily.*) Wait half a minute till I run up to one of our neighbours and ask what 's best to be took, and borrow a little of it to give you ; and, to-morrow you'll find yourself as strong as ever again, I won't be gone a minute. (*He springs up.*) Don't give in while I'm away, whatever you do. (*He comes outside.*) Now, Mr. Tapley (*striking himself on the chest*), just you attend to what I've got to say. Things is looking about as bad as they *can* look, young man. You'll not have such another opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live. And therefore, Tapley, now 's your time to come out strong, or never.

(*Exit. He returns after a few minutes with the husband of his friend of the 'Screw'. Meanwhile Martin has wrapped himself in a blanket, and is sitting shivering.*)

THE MAN. (*Bending over Martin.*) It 's an ague he has, with a bad kind of fever ; he'll be worse to-morrow, and for a good many more days. I've had it myself off and on for a couple of years or so ; but I'm thankful to have escaped with my life.

MARK. (*Aside.*) And with not too much of that. Eden for ever !

(*The man chooses out a bottle of medicine from Martin's chest, and administers a dose.*)

THE MAN. Give him another lot in an hour or so ; I'll come back presently ; but my child is sick, and——

MARK. You get along home again ; we'll be all right now, thanks to your help. (*Exit Man. To Martin.*) I hope I'll come out strong, sir ; not as strong as I could wish, that I give up. It 's a piece of good fortune as never is to happen to me, I see.

MARTIN. (*Groaning.*) Would you wish for circumstances stronger than these?

MARK. Why, only see how easy they might have been stronger, sir, if it wasn't for the envy of that uncommon fortune of mine, which is always after me, and tripping me up. When we landed, this afternoon, I thought things did look pretty jolly. I don't deny it.

MARTIN. How do they look now?

MARK. Ah! ah, to be sure! That's the question. The very first time I go out, what do I do? Stumble on a family I know, as shows themselves very friendly to me.

MARTIN. Who were they?

MARK. The people on the 'Screw', sir, as I washed the boys' faces. That ain't right you know. If I had stumbled on a serpent, and got bit; or stumbled on a first-rate patriot, and got bowie-knifed; or stumbled on a lot of Sympathizers and got made a lion of, I might have distinguished myself, and earned some credit. As it is, the great object of my voyage is knocked on the head. How do you feel now, sir?

MARTIN. Worse than ever.

MARK. That's something, but not enough. Nothing but being very bad myself, and jolly to the last, will ever do me justice.

MARTIN. In Heaven's name, don't talk of that; what should I do, Mark, if you were taken ill?

MARK. (*Brightening.*) My glass is a-rising. Now, I'll stick these blankets afore the door, or where the door ought to be (*he does so*), and wery neat it looks. Then I stops the aperture below, by putting the chest against it. And wery neat *that* looks. Now I'll wrap you up in your blankets, sir. And what's to hinder us passing a good night?

*(The last part of this speech is spoken from behind the blankets.)*

CURTAIN.

## ACT III. SCENE II

*The inside of the hut of MARTIN and MARK at Eden. MARTIN is in bed, very sick with fever. MARK is washing linen by his side. The hut still looks gaunt and bare, but it is tidy and everything is arranged neatly.*

MARK. There's one good thing in this place, sir, as disposes me to be jolly; and that is, that it's a reg'lar little United States in itself. There's two or three American citizens left; and they coolly comes over one, even here, sir, as if it was the wholesomest and loveliest spot in the world. But they're like the cock that went and hid himself to save his life, and was found out by the noise he made. They can't help crowing. (*He looks up.*) Here's one of 'em, Hannibal Chollop.

MARTIN. (*Feebly.*) Don't let him in.

MARK. He won't want any letting in, sir; he'll come in, sir.

(*Enter Chollop, a man with a dirty dark brown, knobby face, and a beard like a hearth-broom. He sits down on the chest with his hat on and begins to smoke furiously.*)

CHOLLOP. Well, Mr. Co., and how do you git along, sir?

MARK. Pretty well, sir; pretty well.

CHOLLOP. This air Mr. Chuzzlewit, ain't it? (*He bends over Martin and blows smoke in his face.*) How do you git along, sir?

(*Martin feebly shakes his head, and draws the blankets over himself.*)

CHOLLOP. You need not regard me, sir. I am fever-proof, and likewise agur.<sup>1</sup>

MARTIN. Mine was a more selfish motive; I can't stand smoke.

CHOLLOP. How do you like our country, sir?

MARTIN. (*Feebly.*) Not at all.

CHOLLOP. (*After a pause, during which he has been*

<sup>1</sup> Ague.

*smoking furiously.*) I am not surprised to hear you say so. It re-quires An elevation, and A preparation of the intellect. *(To Mark.)* The mind of man must be prepared for freedom, Mr. Co.

*(Martin, half mad with feverish irritation, turns to the wall.)*

MARK. A littlé bodily preparation wouldn't be amiss, either, would it, sir? in the case of a blessed old swamp like this?

CHOLLOP. Do you con-sider this a swamp, sir?

MARK. Why yes, sir. I haven't a doubt about it myself.

CHOLLOP. The sentiment is quite European, and does not surprise me; what would your English millions say to such a swamp in England?

MARK. They'd say it was an uncommon nasty one, I should think, and that they'd rather be inoculated for fever in some other way.

CHOLLOP. *(Sardonically.)* Quite European! Say Mr. Co. *(showing him one of his revolvers)*, what do you think of that weapon? It ain't long since I shot a man down with that, sir, in the State of Illinoy.

MARK. *(Coolly.)* Did you indeed! Wery free of you. And wery independent!

CHOLLOP. I shot him down, sir, for asserting in the *Spartan Portico*, a three-weekly journal, that the ancient Athenians went a-head of the present Locofoco Ticket.

MARK. And what's that?

CHOLLOP. European not to know. Quite! *(After a pause.)* You won't half feel yourself at home in Eden, now?

MARK. No, I don't.

CHOLLOP. You miss the taxes of your country, the house dues?

MARK. And the houses—rather!

CHOLLOP. No window taxes, here, sir.

MARK. And no windows to put 'em on.



CHOLLOP. No stakes, no dungeons, no blocks, no racks, no scaffolds, no pikes, no pillories.

MARK. Nothing but rewolvers and bowie-knives, and what are they? Not worth mentioning.

*(The man who met them on their arrival at Eden here puts his head in at the door.)*

CHOLLOP. *(To him.)* Well, sir! How do you git along?

THE MAN. Ah! bad, I can hardly crawl.

CHOLLOP. Mr. Co. and me, sir, are disputing a piece. He ought to be slicked up pretty smart to disputate between the Old World and the New, I do expect?

MAN. Well! so he had.

MARK. I was merely observing, sir, that I looked upon the city in which we have the honour to live, as being swampy. What's your sentiments?

MAN. I opionate it's moist perhaps, at certain times.

CHOLLOP. *(Fiercely.)* But not as moist as England, sir?

MAN. Oh! not as moist as England; let alone its institutions.

CHOLLOP. I should hope there ain't a swamp in all Americay, as don't whip that small island into mush and molasses. *(To Mark.)* You bought slick, straight, and right away of Scadder, sir?

MARK. We did. *(Chollop winks at the man.)*

CHOLLOP. Scadder is a smart man, sir. He is a rising man. He is a man as will come up'ards, right side up, sir! *(He winks again.)*

MARK. He should have his right side very high up, if I had my way; as high up as the top of a good tall gallows perhaps.

*(Chollop bursts into laughter, and smokes furiously.)*

MAN. That Scadder's a smart man, and has draw'd a lot of British capital that way, as sure as sun-up. *(The man withdraws his head, and Chollop rises.)*

CHOLLOP. I'm a-going easy.

MARK. Take particular care of yourself.

CHOLLOP. (*Sternly.*) Afore I go, I have a little word to say to you. You're darnation 'cute, you are.

MARK. Thank'ee, sir.

CHOLLOP. But you are much too 'cute to last. I can't con-ceive of 'any spotted Painter<sup>1</sup> in the bush, as was so riddled through and through as you will be, I bet.

MARK. What for?

CHOLLOP. We must be cracked-up, sir. (*Menacingly.*) You are not now in A despotic land. We are a model to the airth, and must be jist cracked-up, I tell you.

MARK. What! I speak too free, do I?

CHOLLOP. (*At the door.*) I have draw'd upon A man, and fired upon A man for less. (*He frowns.*) I have know'd strong men obleeged to make themselves uncommon skase for less. I have know'd men Lynched for less, and beaten into punkin-sarce for less, by an enlightened people. We are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream of human natur', and the flower of moral force. Our backs is easy riz. We must be cracked-up, or they rises, and we snarls. We show our teeth, I tell you, fierce. You'd better crack us up, you had. (*Exit.*)

MARK. Come out from under the blanket, sir; he's gone.

MARTIN. (*Light-headed.*) So Major Pawkins said . . . or was it while I was . . . Mary! Mary! . . . and they said there were snakes . . . that was the way it coiled round me here (*he makes a ring round his neck*), round here, I tell you . . . it, it, man! Fetch Tapley, at once, to kill it. (*He tries to get out of bed.*)

MARK. (*Softly; kneeling by his side and laying Martin down again.*) What's this! What's come of all that chattering and swaggering? He's wandering in his mind and don't know me.

CURTAIN.

<sup>1</sup> A snake.

## ACT III. SCENE III

*The interior of the same hut, several weeks after. MARK lies ill in MARTIN'S place, while MARTIN, reduced and wasted to a shadow of his former self, is sitting by his side. MARK is asleep, and MARTIN is thinking of the past.*

MARTIN. (*To himself.*) I never should have found myself out, if it had not been for this illness—how selfish I have been! Suppose Mark had died, or suppose *one* of us, either one, had to die, which of us could better be spared? Ah, it's not hard to decide. When I think of Mark there, he's never reproached me by so much as one regret; he has never murmured; he has always striven to be manful and staunch—yet he has had so few advantages, while I have had so many. How is it, I wonder? No, I don't really wonder; it's because he's been unselfish, while I have—how selfish I've been! Thinking of nobody but myself.

(*Enter the woman-passenger of the 'Screw'.*)

WOMAN. How is he, now, sir?

MARTIN. Better I think—he's asleep.

WOMAN. I've brought him a little porridge, sir; it's little enough I know, but I can't do more, and he was so kind to me on the boat. You won't mind if I don't stay, sir? I've—

MARTIN. No, no, you go along; I know you've a lot to do; thank you for coming and for the porridge. (*Exit woman. To himself.*) Then how differently we acted towards that woman; how kind Mark was to her, while I—how abominably selfish I have been! Ah, it needed the rattling of Death at the door, with Hope so far away, for me to see myself. When I am stronger, I am resolved no more to resist the conviction that I am utterly selfish, and that selfishness must be rooted out. I mustn't say a word of good resolutions to Mark, but must steadily keep

my purpose before my own eyes. (Mark *stirs and wakes.*)  
How do you feel now, after that sleep ?

MARK. (*Somewhat feebly.*) Better, sir, heaps better. I'm jolly, sir !

MARTIN. Do you think you can bear me to talk seriously, Mark ?

MARK. To be sere, sir, if it don't mean as I talk much.

MARTIN. I want to consult you, Mark, about a project I have in my mind ; I don't feel I ought to do it without your advice.

MARK. What ! not without the advice of Co. ? (*He struggles to sit up and look at Martin, but lies down wearily.*)

MARTIN. Lie still, Mark, there's a good fellow. Now, ours is a desperate case, plainly. The place is deserted ; its failure must have become known ; and selling what we have bought, to any one, for anything, is hopeless, even if it were honest. We left home on a mad enterprise, and have failed. The only hope left us, the only one end for which we have now to try, is to quit this settlement for ever, and get back to England. Anyhow ! by any means ! Only to get back there, Mark.

MARK. That's all, sir, *only* that.

MARTIN. Now upon this side of the water, we have but one friend who can help us, and that is Mr. Bevan.

MARK. I thought of him when you was ill.

MARTIN. But for the time that would be lost, I would even write to my grandfather. Shall I try Mr. Bevan first ?

MARK. He's a very pleasant sort of a gentleman. I think so.

MARTIN. The few goods we brought here would produce something if sold. But they can't be sold here.

MARK. There's nobody but corpses to buy them, and pigs.

MARTIN. Shall I ask him for money to enable us to reach New York, or any port from which we may hope to get a passage home, by serving in any capacity ? Explaining

that I will try to repay him, through my grandfather, as soon as we arrive in England?

MARK. Why, to be sure, he can only say 'no'; and he may say 'yes'. If you don't mind trying him, sir.

MARTIN. Mind! I am to blame for coming here, and I would do anything to get away. I grieve to think of the past. If I had taken your opinion sooner, Mark, we never should have been here, I am certain.

MARK. What! (*To himself.*) That ain't fair; that's doing me out of credit, that is.

(*Enter the husband of Mark's friend.*)

MAN. Well, Mr. Co., and how air you to-day?

MARK. Jolly!

MAN. I brought you a piller, Mr. Co., a-chocked full o' shavings, as I thought might make you easy. (*Aside to Martin.*) He was kind to my wife, sir, when she needed it.

MARTIN. He was. (*He fixes the pillow beneath Mark's head.*) There, that's good, isn't it?

MAN. Well, I'm glad to hear you're better; I'll get. (*Exit.*)

MARK. (*To himself.*) I don't know what to make of him; he ain't what I supposed. He don't think of himself half as much. I'll try him again. Thinking of home, sir?

MARTIN. Yes, Mark.

MARK. So was I, sir. I was wondering how Mr. Pinch gets on now.

MARTIN. (*Thoughtfully.*) Poor Tom!

MARK. Weak-minded man, sir! Takes no care of himself.

MARTIN. I wish he took a little more! Though I don't know why I should. We shouldn't like him half as well, perhaps.

MARK. He gets put on, sir.

MARTIN. (*After a pause, regretfully.*) Yes, I know that.

MARK. (*Sighing.*) Ah, sir! Dear me! You've ventured a good deal for a young lady's love! You've had to put up with more than her!

MARTIN. I tell you what, I'm not so sure of that, Mark. You may depend upon it she's very unhappy; she can't run away from those who are jealous of her, as I have done. She has to endure, Mark. I begin to think that she has more to bear than ever I had. Upon my soul, I do!

MARK. (*Aside.*) It's a swindle!

MARTIN. And I'll tell you a secret, Mark, since we are upon this subject. That ring. . . .

MARK. What ring, sir?

MARTIN. That ring she gave me when we parted, Mark. She bought it; *bought* it; knowing I was poor and proud (Heaven help me! proud!) and wanted money.

MARK. Who says so, sir?

MARTIN. I say so. I know it. I've thought of it, my good fellow, hundreds of times while you have been lying ill. And like a cur, I took it from her hand, and wore it on my own, and never dreamed of this even when I parted with it, when some faint glimmering of the truth might surely have possessed me! But you are weak and tired. You are only talking to cheer me up. You go to sleep while I write to Mr. Bevan.

MARK. (*Aside, as he settles down.*) I'm reg'larly defrauded. It's a swindle. I never entered for this sort of service. There'll be no credit in being jolly with *him* any longer.

(*Martin gets out paper and ink and writes the letter.*)

#### ACT IV. SCENE I

*The deck of a Mississippi river steamer. There is not much view beyond the bulwarks of the boat, but the deck itself is piled with barrels of flour and cases of other foodstuffs. MR. ELIJAH POGRAM is sitting on a low camp-stool, a green umbrella over his head, with his legs in the air, apparently studying his ankles. He has an untidy, neglected appearance, and is not very clean. MARTIN and MARK are*

*standing leaning over the side of the boat ; other passengers are dispersed over the deck, aimlessly wandering about.*

A CITIZEN. (*In Martin's ear.*) How do you do, sir ?

MARTIN. (*Turning.*) How do you do ?

CITIZEN. You air from Europe, sir ?

MARTIN. I am.

CITIZEN. You air fortunate, sir.

MARTIN. (*To himself.*) I quite realize that I am, but I don't know how *you* know it.

CITIZEN. You air fortunate, sir, in having an opportunity of beholding our Elijah Pogram, sir.

MARTIN. Your Elijahpogram ? Is it a building, or what ?

CITIZEN. Yes, sir. Our Elijah Pogram, sir, is, at this minute, identically settin' there by the enjine biler.

*(He points at Pogram, who puts his forefinger to his eyebrow—as if revolving cares of state.)*

MARTIN. That is Elijah Pogram, is it ?

CITIZEN. Yes, sir, that is Elijah Pogram.

MARTIN. (*Aside.*) I haven't the least idea who he is ; I never heard of him. (*Aloud.*) I am astonished.

CITIZEN. If the biler of this vessel was toe bust, sir, and toe bust now, this would be a festival day in the calendar of despotism, pretty nigh equallin', sir, in its effects upon the human race, our Fourth of glorious July. Yes, sir, that is the Honourable Elijah Pogram, Member of Congress ; one of the master-minds of our country, sir. There is a brow, sir, there !

MARTIN. Quite remarkable.

CITIZEN. Yes, sir. Our own immortal Chiggle, sir, is said to have observed, when he made the celebrated Pogram statter in marble, which rose so much con-test and pre-ju-dice in Europe, that the brow was more than mortal. This was before the Pogram Defiance, and was therefore, a pre-diction, cruel smart.

MARTIN. What is the Pogram Defiance? Is it the sign of a public-house?

CITIZEN. (*Sternly.*) An o-ration, sir!

MARTIN. Oh! to be sure. What am I thinking of! It defied——

CITIZEN. (*Gravely.*) It defied the world, sir, the world in general, to com-pe-te with our country upon any hook; and devellop'd our internal resources for making war upon the universal airth. (Pogram *nods.*) You would like to know Elijah Pogram, sir?

MARTIN. If you please.

CITIZEN. Mr. Pogram, this is a gentleman from Eu-rope, sir; from England, sir. But gen'rous ene-mies may meet upon the neutral sile of private life, I think. (Pogram *shakes hands.*) (*To Martin.*) Mr. Pogram is a public servant, sir. When Congress is recessed, he makes himself acquainted with those free United States, of which he is the gifted son.

MARK. (*Aside to Martin.*) If he was to send his shoes on tour, and leave himself at home, seems to me it would do as much good. (Martin *smiles.*)

(Pogram *gets up, leans against the side of the vessel, still shading himself with his umbrella.*)

POGRAM. How do you like——

MARTIN. (*Interrupting.*) The country, I presume?

POGRAM. Yes, sir.

(*The passengers within hearing all crowd round.*)

CITIZEN. (*To another passenger.*) Pogram will smash him into sky-blue fits, I know!

MARTIN. Why, I have learned by experience that you take an unfair advantage of a stranger, when you ask that question. You don't mean it to be answered, except in one way. Now, I don't choose to answer it in that way, for I cannot honestly do so. And therefore, I would rather not answer it at all.

A BYSTANDER. He'll get at his opinions some way or



other ; he 's going to make strong speeches, and write good strong articles on foreign relations, so he'll need to have some European views to work up.

POGRAM. You are from Eden, sir. How did you like Eden?

MARTIN. I think it is the most desolate spot on earth ; and it is criminal for the Government to allow people to be tricked into going there.

POGRAM. (*Looking round at the listeners.*) It is strange, this hatred of our country, and her Institutions. This national antipathy is deeply rooted in the British mind.

MARTIN. Good Heavens, sir ! Is the Eden Land Corporation, with Mr. Scadder at its head, and all the misery it has worked, an Institution of America ? A part of any form of government that was ever known or heard of ?

POGRAM. (*To those around.*) I consider the cause of this to be partly jealousy and pre-judice, and partly the nat'ral unfitness of the British people to appreciate the exalted Institutions of our native land. I expect, sir, that a gentleman named Chollop happened in upon you during your location in the town of Eden ?

MARTIN. Yes ; but my friend can answer that better than I can, for I was very ill at the time. Mark ! This gentleman is speaking of Mr. Chollop.

MARK. Oh, yes, sir. Yes, I sec him.

POGRAM. A splendid example of our na-tive raw material, sir ?

MARK. Indeed, sir.

POGRAM. (*Aside to a passenger.*) Observe me ! See what follows. (*The passenger nods.*) Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man, quite fresh from Natur's mould. He is a true-born child of this free hemisphere ! Verdant as the mountains of our country ; bright and flowing as our saltlicks ; unspiled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless Pe'earers<sup>1</sup> ! Rough he may be,

<sup>1</sup> Prairies.

so air our Barrs ! Wild he may be, so air our Buffalers ! But he is a child of Natur' and a child of freedom, and his boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is, that his bright home is in the Settin' Sun.

*(Murmurs of applause from the bystanders.)*

A PASSENGER. I guess you have now seen something of the eloquentia! aspect of our country, and air chewed up pritty small.

POGRAM. *(To Mark.)* You don't seem to coincide, sir ?

MARK. Why, I didn't like him much, and that's the truth, sir. I thought he was a bully ; and I didn't admire his carryin' them murderous little persuaders, and being so ready to use 'em.

POGRAM. It's singler ! *(He lifts up his umbrella, so that he can see everybody in the crowd.)* It's strange ! You observe the settled opposition to our Institutions which pervades the British mind !

MARTIN. What an extraordinary people you are ! Are Mr. Chollop and the class he represents, an Institution here ? Are revolvers, bowie-knives, and such like, institutions on which you pride yourselves ? Are brutal combats, savage assaults, shooting down and stabbing in the streets, your institutions ? Why I shall hear next that Dishonour and Fraud are among the Institutions of the Great Republic.

POGRAM. *(Looking around.)* This morbid hatred of our Institutions is quite a study for the psychological observer. He's alludin' to Repudiation, now !

MARTIN. *(Laughing.)* Oh ! you may make anything an Institution if you like, and I confess you had me there, for you certainly *have* made Repudiation one. But the greater part of these things are one Institution with us, and we call it by the general name of Old Bailey !

*(Pogram saunters back to his stool, and reseats himself, raising his heels again on to the flour barrel. Another traveller steps into his place.)*

TRAVELLER. Well ! The morbid hatred of you British to the Institutions of our country is as-TONishing. So you didn't like Chollop ?

MARTIN. Upon my life ! This is the most wonderful community that ever existed. A man deliberately makes a nuisance of himself, and that 's an institution.

TRAVELLER. We have no time to acquire-forms, sir !

MARTIN. Acquire ! But it 's not a question of acquiring anything. It 's a question of losing the natural politeness of a savage, and that instinctive good breeding which admonishes one man not to be offensive to another. Don't you think, for instance, that Mr. Chollop naturally knows better, but considers it very fine and independent to be as brutal as possible on all occasions ?

TRAVELLER. He is a native of our country, and is nat'rally bright and spry, of course.

MARTIN. Now, observe what this comes to, Mr.—er—sir. The mass of your countrymen begin by stubbornly neglecting little social observances, which have nothing to do with government or country, but are acts of common, decent, human politeness. You abet them in this, by resenting all attacks upon their social offences, as if they were a beautiful national feature. From disregarding small obligations, they come in regular course to disregard great ones ; and so refuse to pay their debts. What they may do, or what they may refuse to do next, I don't know ; but——

*(The bell is rung for dinner. All the passengers, save Martin and Mark, make a rush for the cabin, headed by Pogram, but the latter forgets his umbrella, which gets wedged in the doorway. The others carry it by storm, knock Pogram down and rush over his body. Last of all he gets up, and without waiting to brush his clothes, rushes into the cabin, leaving Martin and Mark laughing.)*

CURTAIN.

## ACT IV. SCENE II

*The hall of the National Hotel, Watertoast. A dull, badly lighted, badly ventilated room, uncarpeted, with the usual whitewashed walls devoid of pictures. A small deal table, without cover, and the usual cane-seated chairs, are the only furniture. There are a few boarders lounging about. Enter MARK and MARTIN straight from the boat, followed by MR. POGRAM.*

MARTIN. Well, Mark, here we are once more ; at one time I never expected to see *this* place again.

MARK. Nor I neither ; we're uncommon lucky to be here, sir.

*(Enter Kedgick.)*

KEDGICK. Why ! what the 'Tarnal ! I do admire at this, I do.

MARTIN. We can stay at your house until to-morrow, Captain, I suppose ?

KEDGICK. *(Coolly.)* I reckon you can stay here for a twelvemonth, if you like. But our people won't best like your coming back.

MARTIN. Won't like it, Captain ?

KEDGICK. They did expect you was a-going to settle. They've been took in, you can't deny. *(The boarders round draw near and listen.)*

MARTIN. What do you mean ?

KEDGICK. You didn't ought to have received 'em ; no, you didn't.

MARTIN. My good friend, did I want to receive them ? Was it any act of mine ? Didn't you tell me they would rile up, and that I should be flayed like a wild cat—and threaten all kinds of vengeance, if I didn't receive them ?

KEDGICK. I don't know about that ; but when our people's frills is out, they're starched up pretty stiff, I tell you.

MARK. (*Interposing.*) We've come back alive, you see, after all!

KEDGICK. It ain't the thing I did expect. A man ain't got no right to be a public man, unless he meets the public views. Our fashionable people wouldn't have attended his le-vee, if they'd know'd it.

(*Chorus of disapproval from bystanding boarders.*)

VARIOUS VOICES. That 's a solemn fac' . . . No one ain't no right to a le-vee . . . European, quite . . . some people is a sight too spry . . . have to have his claws cut some . . .

OSCAR BUFFUM. (*A boarder, to the rest.*) Say, gentlemen, will you favour me by steppin' into the next room? I have a notion calculated to meet with your approval. (*They troop off, beginning to talk before they are fairly out of the room. Buffum is last. As he goes.*) The notion 's this, gentlemen, to pounce on E-lijah Pogram, and give him a le-vee.

CHORUS OF VOICES. (*Off.*) A great idea. . . . Sir, it does you credit. . . .

MARTIN. (*Aside to Mark.*) They seem to forget Mr. Pogram can hear everything they say. Look, he is trying to appear as if he heard nothing.

(*A waiter appears bringing coffee. Mark and Martin stand at the table, but Mr. Pogram waits for the negro to bring him his cup.*)

*Re-enter Mr. Oscar Buffum, followed by Dr. Ginery Dunkle, and five other boarders. They march towards Mr. Pogram, and stand in front of him; Pogram appears not to notice them.*

BUFFUM. Sir!

DUNKLE. (*In a very shrill voice.*) Mr. Pogram!

BUFFUM. (*Looking round and introducing him.*) Doctor Ginery Dunkle, sir. A gentleman of great poetical elements. He has recently jined us here, and is an acquisition

to us, sir, I do assure you. Yes, sir. (*He introduces the others.*) Mr. Jodd, sir. Mr. Izzard, sir. Mr. Julius Bib, sir.

MR. BIB. (*To himself, yet aloud.*) Julius Washington Merryweather Bib.

BUFFUM. I beg your pardon, sir. Excuse me. Mr. Julius Washington Merryweather Bib, sir; a gentleman in the lumber line, sir, and much esteemed. Colonel Groper, sir. Professor Piper, sir. My own name, sir, is Oscar Buffum.

(*Each man jerks forward, as his name is called, nods to*

*Mr. Pogram, shakes hands, and jerks back.*)

BUFFUM. Sir!

DUNKLE. Mr. Pogram!

BUFFUM. (*With a hopeless look.*) Perhaps you will be so good, Dr. Ginery Dunkle, as to charge yourself with the execution of our little office, sir?

DUNKLE. (*Stepping to the front.*) Mr. Pogram! Sir! A handful of your fellow-citizens, sir, hearing of your arrival at the National Hotel, and feeling the patriotic character of your public services, wish, sir, to have the gratification of beholding you, and mixing with you, sir; and unbending with you, sir, in those moments which——

BUFFUM. Air. . .

DUNKLE. Which air so peculiarly the lot, sir, of our great and happy country.

GROPER. Hear! Good! Hear him! Good!

DUNKLE. And therefore, sir, they request, as A mark of their respect, the honour of your company at a little le-vee, sir, right here and now! In the ladies' ord'nary.

POGRAM. (*Bowing.*) Fellow-countrymen!

GROPER. Good! Hear him! Good!

POGRAM. (*Bowing again. To Groper.*) Your approbation of My labours in the common cause goes to My heart. At all times and in all places; in the hall of this National Hotel, My friends, and in the Battle Field——

GROPER. Good, very good ! Hear him ! Hear him !

POGRAM. The name of Pogram will be proud to jine you. And may it, My friends, be written on My tomb, 'He was a member of the Con-gress of our common country, and was ac-Tive in his trust.'

DUNKLE. The Com-mittee, sir, will wait upon you in ten minutes. I take my leave, sir.

*(They all shake hands with Pogram and go out in a body.  
Enter an excited gentleman, with a lady on his arm.)*

GENTLEMAN. *(To Pogram.)* Sir, Mrs. Hominy !

MARTIN. *(To Mark.)* Lord bless the woman, Mark. She has turned up again.

MARK. Here she comes, sir ! Pogram knows her. A public character ! Always got her eye upon her country, sir ! If that there lady's husband is of my opinion, what a jolly old gentleman he must be !

*(The boarders return in a body. Mrs. Hominy and Pogram shake hands.)*

MRS. HOMINY. I couldn't resist. . . . I'm a'most beat, but to see Mr. Pogram ! Now, sir, as a member of the Con-gress of the U-nited States of A-merica, you voted for the Bill to allow niggers to move free from one state to a-nother.

POGRAM. Ma'am, I did !

GROPER. *(Under his breath.)* Good ! Hear him !

MRS. HOMINY. You allow, sir, that I re-late what is correct ?

POGRAM. Ma'am, I do ! But, remember, I say, remember the star-spangled banner which is calculated, wherever it is unfurled, toe——

MRS. HOMINY. Exactly—in this land of enlightenment and liberty—so I'll say no more about that. But now, sir, I want to discuss a piece 'with you, a-bout tariffs and com-mercial treaties. *(Pogram slowly nods his head.)* You are

a member of that exalted—— (*The gentleman hands her a letter which the negro attendant has given him.*) My! What is this? Do tell! oh, well now! (*She opens it and begins to read.*) On'y think! (*She begins to read aloud.*) 'Two literary ladies present their compliments to the world-known Mrs. Hominy, and claim her kind introduction, as their talented countrywoman, to the honourable (and distinguished) Elijah Pogram, whom the two LL's<sup>1</sup> have often contemplated in the speaking marble of the soul-subduing Chiggle. On a verbal intimation, they will have the immediate pleasure of joining the galaxy assembled to do honour to the patriotic conduct of a Pogram.' (*She stalks to the door, and ushers in two ladies, whom she conducts towards Pogram.*)

DUNKLE. (*Ecstatically.*) It's quite the last scene from *Coriolanus*!

MRS. HOMINY. (*To Pogram.*) Miss Topplit and Miss Codger.

MARK. (*Aside to Martin.*) Codger's the lady so often mentioned in the English newspapers, I should think, sir. The oldest inhabitant as never remembers anything.

MISS CODGER. To be presented to A Pogram, by A Hominy, indeed, a thrilling moment is it in its impressiveness on what we call our feelings. But why we call them so, or why impressed they are, or if impressed they are at all, or if at all we are, or if there really is, oh gasping one! a Pogram or a Hominy, or any active principle to which we give those titles, is a topic, Spirit searching, light abandoned, much too vast to enter on, at this unlooked-for crisis.

MISS TOPPLIT. Mind and matter glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination. To hear it, sweet it is. But then outlaughs the stern philosopher, and saith to the Grotesque, 'What ho!

<sup>1</sup> Literary Ladies.



arrest for me that Agency ! Go, bring it here !' And so the vision fadeth.

(*Each takes one of Pogram's hands, and presses it to her lips.*)

DUNKLE. The com-mittee waits, sir, to con-duct you, sir, To the le-vee.

POGRAM. I will come. (*To Martin.*) A word with you, sir, a-part. (*He takes Martin aside.*) We air going to part to-morrow !

MARTIN. Pray don't distress yourself ; we must bear it.

POGRAM. It ain't that, sir ; not at all. But I ~~shou~~ wish You to ac-cept a copy of My O-ration.

MARTIN. Thank you ; you are very good. I shall be most happy.

POGRAM. It ain't that, sir, neither ; air you bold enough to introduce a copy into your country ?

MARTIN. Certainly ; why not ?

POGRAM. (*Darkly.*) Its sentiments air strong, sir.

MARTIN. That makes no difference. I'll take a dozen if you like.

POGRAM. No, sir ; not a dozen. That is more than I require. If you are content to run the hazard, sir, here is one for your Lord Chancellor, (*He gives him one.*) and one for your Principal Secretary of State. (*He gives him a second.*) I should wish them, sir, to see it, as expressing what my opinions are, that they may not plead ignorance at a future time. But don't get into danger, sir, on my account.

MARTIN. There is not the least danger, I assure you. (*He puts the papers into his pocket.*)

POGRAM. Sir, I thank you. (*To Dunkle.*) Sir, I am ready. (*He strikes an attitude, and stalks from the room, followed by the admiring glances of most of those present.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT IV. SCENE III

*The port of New York. A vessel can be seen in the background. There are a few loiterers watching her loading. Enter MARTIN and MARK, carrying their baggage.*

MARTIN. We'll inquire about ships, Mark, and then go and meet Mr. Bevan at the hotel. (*Enter Mr. Bevan.*) Why, there he is. (*He puts down his luggage and goes to meet him.*) I didn't expect to meet you here, Mr. Bevan. We were just coming up to the hotel.

BEVAN. Nor I you.

MARTIN. I am truly sorry and ashamed to have begged of you. But look at us. See what we are, and judge to what we are reduced.

BEVAN. So far from claiming to have done you any service by sending you that paltry sum, I reproach myself with having been, unwittingly, the original cause of your misfortunes. I no more supposed that you would go to Eden on such representations as you received; or, indeed, that you would do anything but be dispossessed, by the readiest means, of your idea that fortunes were so easily made here, than I thought of going to Eden myself.

MARTIN. The fact is, I closed with the thing in a mad and sanguine manner, and the less said about it the better for me. Mark, here, hadn't a voice in the matter.

BEVAN. Well! But he hadn't a voice in any other matter, had he? (*He laughs.*)

MARTIN. (*Blushing.*) Not a very powerful one, I am afraid. But live and learn, Mr. Bevan! Nearly die and learn, and we learn the quicker.

BEVAN. Now, about your plans. You mean to return at once?

MARTIN. (*Hastily.*) Oh, I think so. We were down here for that purpose. That is your opinion too, I hope?

BEVAN. Unquestionably. For I don't know why you

ever came here ; though it 's not such an unusual case, I am sorry to say, that we need go any farther into that. You don't know that the ship in which you came over is in port ?

MARTIN. Indeed ! Do you hear that, Mark ?

BEVAN. Yes, and is advertised to sail almost at once.

MARTIN. We thought of working our passage home ; but of course in a ship like that, we couldn't hope to——

BEVAN. Why, that 's as wild as Eden, every bit. You must take your passage like a Christian ; at least, as like a Christian as a fore-cabin passenger can, and owe me a ~~few~~ more dollars. Mark will go aboard her—there she is—*(He points to the ship at the back.)* and see whether you can go in her without being suffocated. My advice is, go if you can. Here is the passage money. *(He hands a roll of bills to Mark.)* Then take your traps aboard. Meanwhile I will go and order dinner, so that you may lose no time. There is a hotel just round that corner. Follow me there. *(Exit.)*

*(Enter the Mate of the 'Screw'.)*

THE MATE. *(To Mark.)* Hullo, it 's you, is it ? You ain't wanting a job are you ?

MARK. Well, we *was* a-thinking of going home in your boat. It depends what the job is.

MATE. That 's lucky. My cook went and got married yesterday.

MARK. Well, I can't help *that*, can I ?

MATE. Not so fast. What I wants to know is : are you willing to take the cook's place on the passage home ? You're used to it ; you were always a-cooking for everybody on your passage out.

MARK. I'll take it, and anything else I can get.

MATE. If that 's so, follow me, if your partner will excuse you.

MARTIN. Go on, Mark ; I'll wait for you here by the